Week ending July 19 1958 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

EMERGENCY CALL TO DANGER

The girl who imagined a love affair —and took poison

WE BOUGHT A STATELY HOME

RAFFLES and the Seaside Hotel

Can Britain afford to put a man on the moon?

New NEVIL SHUTE novel

SO MUCH MORE VALUE

TUBELESS
DUNLOP GOLD SEAL

SO MUCH MORE
in mileage, silence and grip.

SO MUCH MORE
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SO MUCH MORE
in all-round value.

That is why it was immediately fitted as standard equipment by the majority of British motor car manufacturers.

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* This new tyre is also available in Heavy Duty construction in all popular sizes.

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(SEE PAGE 31)

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From all Paint Dealers, Ironmongers and Stores

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(a) At six months' notice, when they will be repaid at par plus any interest earned but unpaid.

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You are allowed up to 1,000 Certificates of the current issue (against 600 previously) so you can make £250 clear profit in 7 years if you take up your full quota.

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Here's the easiest possible way of saving. For all the family. Little by little or all at once *everyone* can acquire a really sizeable nest egg.

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Full information on Defence Bonds and Savings Certificates from your stockbroker, banker or other professional adviser, and from your local Savings Committee, Savings Centre, Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank.

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London SW7

FREE SPEECH

Is A Bob For Every Job Making Children Money Mad?

How has the idea grown up that it's a good thing for children to *earn* their pocket money? I fell for this American-imported practice years ago, and my son, now sixteen, grew up to accept the principle that to get his ten shillings a week he had to clean the car, fetch the coal every morning and clean the family's shoes. If he did extra jobs, he was paid accordingly.

Result: now he won't do anything without being paid for it—or expecting to be. His outlook on life is more mercenary than that of the hardest-headed business man's.

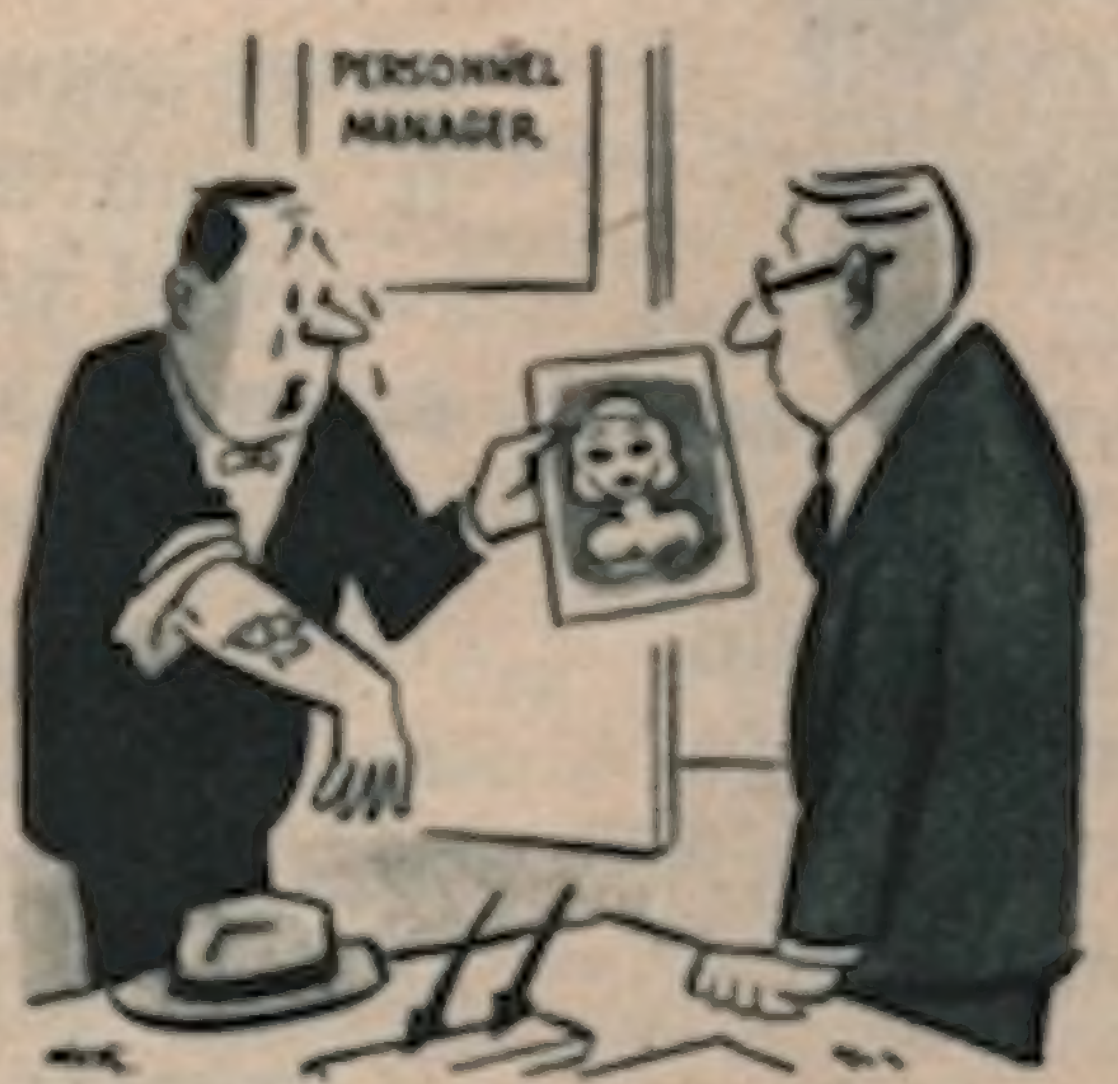
My advice to parents is: give your child the thrill of having his weekly half-crowns pressed into his palm as a gift—then he might grow up to do good turns for love, not money.

T. BAKER, NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

* * *

Lost Labour's Love

I don't like this new practice firms have of prying into your past when you apply for a job. They not only want to know all about your last employment, but why you left. What business is it of theirs? Whether you left compulsorily or not, it is your own affair. Twice I have left jobs and moved to another town because of unhappy love affairs. Do they expect me to tell them that?



C. L., HOME STREET, EDINBURGH

* * *

Jungle In Clover

From a distance my garden looks an unsightly wilderness, so little do I interfere with nature. Close to; it reveals character; when you actually enter—it's a paradise.

The long grass and clover are luxurious to lie on in the sun, and if it rains they stop the ground going soggy. The plants, flourishing in wild clumps, fascinate me, for they could turn out to be anything. All I do is clear the garden of glass and scrap so the children may play in safety. For them it's an exciting jungle; for me, a retreat. And I don't envy my more energetic neighbours their roses and carnations one little bit.

J. L. CARR, TYNEMOUTH ROAD, MITCHAM, SURREY.

* * *

Tongue Test

I was interested in the letter about the shape of eggs and how to keep them fresh—for I test eggs for freshness by touching the ends with my tongue. If the broad end is warm and the pointed end cold the egg is a good one; if both ends are cold I expect it to be bad. It's a most reliable guide.

B. HALL, CHELL HEATH ROAD, SMALLTHORNE, STOKE-ON-TRENT.

"Yes, it works," says the manager of an egg-packing station. "I use my lips, not tongue. Scientists can't explain it, but it does work."

* * *

Just The Ticket

No wonder British Railways are running at a loss. During the big holiday weeks in South Yorkshire you cannot book your seat on any holiday train—and I suppose it is the same in other

Continued on page 4

'So many people are saying Martini!'

Ah! That's better! Martini, long and cool with soda water and a slice of lemon is just the drink to revive you. A long drink now, a short one later. Then, it's Martini (Sweet or Dry) just by itself: chilled, with a twist of lemon peel, the way they drink it on the Continent.

'Better drink Martini sweet or dry'

MARTINI
MARTINI

MARTINI

FREE SPEECH

continued from page 3

parts of the country. The amount of money that is thus refused at two shillings a head must be considerable.

A. J. WILLIAMS, BRINSWORTH AVENUE, WHITEHILL, ROTHERHAM.

"We do lose money on this," say British Railways, "but we do it so that people travelling in the holiday peaks don't have to go in overcrowded trains. Instead of booking seats we issue tickets that must be used on a particular train—with only as many tickets as seats. So there's no need to book."

Peddle Your Own . . .

Napoleon is reputed to have called the English a nation of shopkeepers—and it's certainly true at the firm where I work. Nearly everyone runs some kind of sideline.

Three men sell cigarettes; several women have clothing clubs; four men are check traders, three are bookmakers and one is a furniture dealer and remover.

Another man sells tyres, another batteries; two run taxis and several are sweepstake organizers; one is a money lender, one a TV insurance salesman, one a sick and divide club collector. There's even an undertaker.

Almost everyone is a general dealer, selling odd items occasionally—cars, motor cycles, cycles, surplus furniture and misfit shoes. Sometimes the place looks like a Persian bazaar.

Some day, I expect, we'll even have our own stock exchange.

A. H., SHIREGREEN, SHEFFIELD.

Punch Drunk?

Modern entertainment for children is often criticized—but is it any more brutal than the old-fashioned kind?

Recently I took my family to see a Punch and Judy show for the first time, and I came away sickened. Now, I'm afraid of leaving the baby alone with the other children in case they follow Punch's gentle Victorian example.

Give them tomahawks and six-shooters every time, I say.

MRS. L. B., BELFAST.

"A lot of nonsense is talked about the effect of entertainment on children's minds," says a child psychologist. "There is no medical evidence that it produces hooligans. Delinquency has always been blamed on whatever is current—that's why we have 'X' films. There's no need for such a ban. In fact, seeing make-believe violence can work off a child's pent-up aggressions."

Some psychologists disagree with this view. The B.M.A. supported the ban on importing horror comics.

Red Horrors

Exploring some of the remoter parts of the countryside in which I have recently come to live I have several times been appalled by the sight of a violent red telephone kiosk destroying an otherwise beautiful scene.

I appreciate the need for kiosks, but could they not be painted a soft green or grey to harmonize with their surroundings?

MRS. GILLIAN HAWKER, WINFRITH, DORCHESTER, DORSET.

"The red is deliberately vivid—so that people in a hurry can see it," says the Post Office. "We still have a very few green and blue kiosks on private land, but there aren't going to be any more. After talks with the Council for the Preservation of Rural England we now allow, if we are asked and there is good reason, kiosks to be painted grey and red."

Permits, Please

For our holidays every year we travel by car to my home town in Germany—and every time we add to our collection of documents. Every year we have to get a new international driving permit and a new international certificate for motor vehicles.

Each document costs more than ten shillings—and over the years we have accumulated a stack, all for the same driver and car.

Surely this is an unwarranted waste, not only of the motorist's money but of time and paper. It could all be saved if the papers could be renewed with a stamp for a nominal charge, as passports are.

MRS. INGEBORG FLETCHER, COOTE ROAD, DAGENHAM.

The charge made for these documents—10s. 6d. each—is kept by the issuing agents, the A.A. and the R.A.C. "But Parliament fixes both the charge and the expiry period," says the A.A. "Germany is one of the few countries which still demand international documents."

THIS WEEK'S COVER

JOHN BULL
EMERGENCY CALL TO DANGER
WE BOUGHT A STATELY HOME
RAFFLES and the Seaside Hotel
Can Britain afford to put a man on the moon?
New NEVIL SHUTE novel

"It won't rain today," Mother said, looking at the blue-bright sky. "Let's get our summer things out of mothballs and go for a picnic." Well, it didn't rain, but Father, suffering from a release of office strain, threw sticks into the water for Spot to retrieve, and Spot just had to shake his thanks. Father, perhaps, will suffer some more when he's shown the mud on those summer dresses and tastes the lake water in his tea. "I should worry," says Laurent. "When this family dived for cover they MADE a cover!"

Holiday Exchange

Thousands of men never have a holiday, simply because they can't afford to take time off on basic pay. But if they can't have a rest, at least they deserve a change. It would be a good idea if employment exchanges ran a job exchange scheme in summer—clerks swapping with shop assistants, drivers with farm workers. . .

And employers would benefit, too, for they wouldn't have to look for holiday replacements.

W. GORE, WEST STREET, NEWBURY, BERKSHIRE.

The Pagan North

I've noticed that mothers in the south of England don't seem to be in such a hurry to have their babies christened as north country mothers are.

Perhaps this is because in the north it is considered very unlucky for either mother or child to enter anybody else's house until the baby has been christened and the mother has been churched—so naturally they have the ceremony early so that they can go visiting.

MRS. M. E. GREEN, SOUTHOVER ROAD, BOGNOR REGIS.

Churching is a service of thanksgiving after childbirth. "It is more common in the north," says an Anglican authority, "probably because church-going is more common there. Northerners are, on the whole more superstitious, too—some women won't even go shopping until they've been churched. Its origin is either pagan or in the old Jewish practice of 'purification'."

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

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RAFFLES and the Seaside Hotel

by BARRY PEROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

I glanced back. The faint smell of perfume seemed to emanate from the man Raffles had seen standing by the octopus tank

What an outing! A gentleman crook at grips with a crooked detective

THE hands of the great clock were pointing to five minutes to nine, on a summer morning, when A. J. Raffles and myself, Bunny Manders, emerged from the booking-hall of a London station.

"Look, there's a train standing at our platform now, Bunny," Raffles said. "Come on!"

We presented our tickets to the collector. "Sorry," he said. "You can't travel by this train. This one's a special."

He indicated a blackboard on which was chalked: *9 a.m. Special—Annual Outing, Cullimore's Ltd.* Rebuffed, we were just turning away when a voice called: "Hey, there! Hold on!"

Striding along the platform towards us was a burly great chap of about thirty, hatless, wearing light tweeds. We knew him of old. He belonged to a club of which we were members. His name was George Cullimore. And of course we both knew Cullimore's, the large establishment in Piccadilly.

"Where are you fellows off to?" he demanded, as he shook hands with us.

"I've no cricket on," Raffles said, "so Bunny and I thought we'd have a tramp in the country. You've a great day for your firm's outing, George."

"Why not join us?" said George cordially. "Intruding? Piffle! We've lots of guests with us. Here, you'll need these." He thrust a couple of blue cards into our hands. "This is a very special

Two pretty girls were giving a bag of money to a couple of crooks. Clearly

outing this year," he said. "We're going to do honour to our night detective."

I saw in Raffles's eyes an immediate gleam of interest. "Night detective?"

"By an old Cullimore custom," George explained, "the guards at our shop are known as the day detective and the night detective. Each is an expert in his own way. In the year or two our day detective, Sam Jeffers, has been with us, he's about halved the toll taken by shoplifters, bagsnatchers, pickpockets and the like. On the other hand, old Will Gilford, our night detective, though a bit conservative—he's been with us a great many years—has an immense knowledge of the tricks and techniques of burglars, safecrackers, every kind of night prowler."

George glanced past us, as though he were watching for some new arrival. "We're an old-established family concern," he went on. "I've not been managing director long. Our methods seemed to me a bit sleepy, and I sort of shook things up. For instance, at the suggestion of Jeffers, the day detective, I installed a sort of time-recording gadget, very latest thing, on each floor of our building, for Gilford, the night detective, to punch as he made his rounds, and so establish their times and frequencies."

George mopped his forehead. "Devil of it is," he said, "old Will's seemed to get more and more bitter towards me ever since I installed our time-recorders, and it's extremely awkward for me now, because I want to marry his daughter. Nan and I have a perfect understanding but we haven't said a word to her old man yet. . . . And there she is. At last!"

Under the great clock, a hansom had jingled to a standstill, and two most attractive girls were descending from it. I recognized the first girl as Mary Hallam, head florist at Cullimore's. I had bought many a carnation from her for my buttonhole.

"Nan's the one with the pink sash, carrying the big bunch of flowers," George said. "She is the head of our fashion department. By the way, not a word about what I just told you."

Soon we were all installed in a compartment and the outing train steamed forth. Mary Hallam and I had to laugh at finding ourselves so unexpectedly on a day out together. In the compartment with us were Raffles, Nan Gilford and George Cullimore; Mr. Burnaby, head of wines and tobacco, and his pleasant wife; and Mr. Durward, head of the counting house.

As the train gathered speed, Mrs. Burnaby leaned forward to admire the flowers Nan Gilford was carrying. "Your poor father *will* appreciate them," she said. "How's he getting on, Nan, dear?"

"He's much better, Maud, thank you," Nan said. "He's very comfortable in the hotel. He has a lovely balcony room with a south-west view. He asked for his clothes and things, which I thought was a good sign. I asked Mr. Jeffers, the day detective, to take down a big portmanteau of Father's things when he went to visit Father on Wednesday." She coloured faintly. "I don't need to say how grateful I feel to the firm. . . ."

"Now, now," said George, embarrassed. "The least we could do for your father was pack him off down to the seaside to convalesce. Raffles, Manders, you must have read in the newspapers about the attempted robbery at our place some weeks back?"

"I remember it," Raffles said.

"Wicked business," said George grimly. "There was over five thousand, mostly in sovereigns, in the safe that night. A mob made a feint raid on a jeweller's in Bond Street. Naturally, it drew practically every policeman in the Piccadilly area to Bond Street, and the coast was left absolutely clear for a raid by the entire mob on the real objective."

"But they didn't get past Father," Nan Gilford said proudly.

"Mr. Gilford had just punched the time-recorder on the second floor," said George, "when he heard 'em break in. He shot it out with the lot of 'em and, by heaven, though they downed him, three of 'em at least carried away some of his lead in their hides. And it was all they did carry. They'd had enough. Eh, Mr. Durward?"

The head of the counting house smiled dryly.

It was mid-morning when we steamed to a standstill in the station of the seaside resort which was our destination.

"Don't forget, everybody," roared George Cullimore, beaming on everyone. "Luncheon is one sharp at the hotel." Rubbing his hands together with enthusiasm, he turned on our little group. "Now look here—Durward, Burnaby, you and I have things to see to at the hotel. Raffles, Manders, I'm leaving the girls in your charge. Enjoy yourselves!"

The big, highly strung chap bustled Durward and the Burnabys off along the platform, leaving Nan looking after him with puzzled eyes.

"Shall we," Raffles suggested tactfully, "see if we can find a cab?"

In an open victoria, we rode down to the sparkle of the wide, blue sea. The girls wanted to go to the aquarium, so we plunged into a subterranean labyrinth of lurking shadows and hollow echoes. Presently we passed the large octopus's tank. The girls were still exclaiming at the unlovable characteristics of this creature when Raffles, offering me his cigarette-case, murmured: "Bunny, there's a man standing back there. Ever since we came in here he's been keeping close on our heels. There's a faint smell of scent coming from him. Try to get a look at his face."

As I took a cigarette, I slid a cautious glance behind. Such air-current as there was blew lightly from that direction through the darkened ways of the aquarium. And Raffles was right. There was a faint, intriguing scent on the air. It seemed to emanate from a man who stood by the octopus tank. He was no more than a still shadow in a dark suit and black felt hat.

The girls were moving on to the next tank.

"The chap's sheered off," Raffles murmured to me, as we followed. "Did you get a look at his face? No, neither did I. It's rather queer about that scent, Bunny. The girls, I'm sure, were unaware of it—for an extraordinary reason. They're using exactly the same scent themselves."

We went back to the luncheon. The victuals and wines reflected great credit on Cullimore's. Personally, by the time the port, brandy, coffee and cigars came round, I felt in quite a glow.

"Now come the speeches," said Mary.

Sure enough, George was signalling for silence. Achieving it, he announced that this year they were inaugurating a custom whereby the various departments of the firm would take turns, year and year about, in making some small, surprise offering at the outing luncheon. And George invited us all, now, kindly to open the daintily wrapped little parcels which no doubt we had noticed before each place.

"You will find," George shouted, as we all started snapping string and rustling paper, "that the inaugural surprise is from our fashion department. In each parcel is a silk scarf and a bottle of scent. These are samples of new lines, direct from Paris and exclusive to Cullimore's, with which we hope to do big business."

"Hear, hear!" we all shouted, applauding.

"Miss Nan," said Raffles, passing his bottle of perfume thoughtfully under his nose, "you've stolen a march on us. You're using this particular scent already."

"It's from my own department," Nan said, smiling, "so a prior bottle is a perquisite. I got one for Mary, too. Just the two of us."

I met Raffles's eyes, and I knew that Nan was mistaken. Somebody else must have got hold of a prior bottle—the man in the aquarium.

"Now, to strike a graver note," George was continuing. "I refer to the attempted five-thousand-pound robbery which was thwarted by our night detective, Mr. Will Gilford. As you all know, you started among yourselves a fund for Mr. Gilford."

I felt Nan go rigid beside me. I saw her pretty eyes open wide.

"The gold in the safe, on the night of the attempted crime," George boomed, "was packed in sovereign bags each containing two hundred and fifty sovereigns. It's given the management great pleasure to make the total subscribed for Mr. Gilford up to the round figure of two hundred and fifty pounds.

"We have decided that the award to Mr. Gilford should take the form of two hundred and fifty sovereigns packed into a sovereign bag identical with those he protected so effectively, and the bag embroidered by our fashion department—unbeknownst," said George, beaming down in Nan's direction, "to its very charming head—with a commemorative word or two from us all, so that he may later frame, should he so wish, the embroidered sovereign bag as a memento. Now, Mr. Durward. . . ."

Amid tense excitement, the head of the counting house arose with his dry smile. Unlocking his Gladstone, he took from it a sovereign bag, small but heavy. He held it up for us all to see, while George read out the words embroidered upon the bag.

"Now, I'm very glad to tell you all," George went on, "that Mr. Gilford's making a first-rate recovery. He's in his room upstairs here, in the charge of a trained nurse. I have told him nothing of what we have in store for him, and the fund committee all feel that the most appropriate envoy to take up our offering to him should be. . . ."

"Our Miss Gilford!" everyone shouted.

Beaming, George beckoned to Nan. The poor girl, confused as she was by the unexpectedness of it all, had no option but to go up on the dais.

"Now, Miss Gilford," said George, "is there anyone you would like, as additionally representing us all, to accompany you upstairs? Mary Hallam? Of course!"

Mary made her way up to join Nan on the dais. As she did so, Raffles touched my elbow and jerked his head towards the doors.

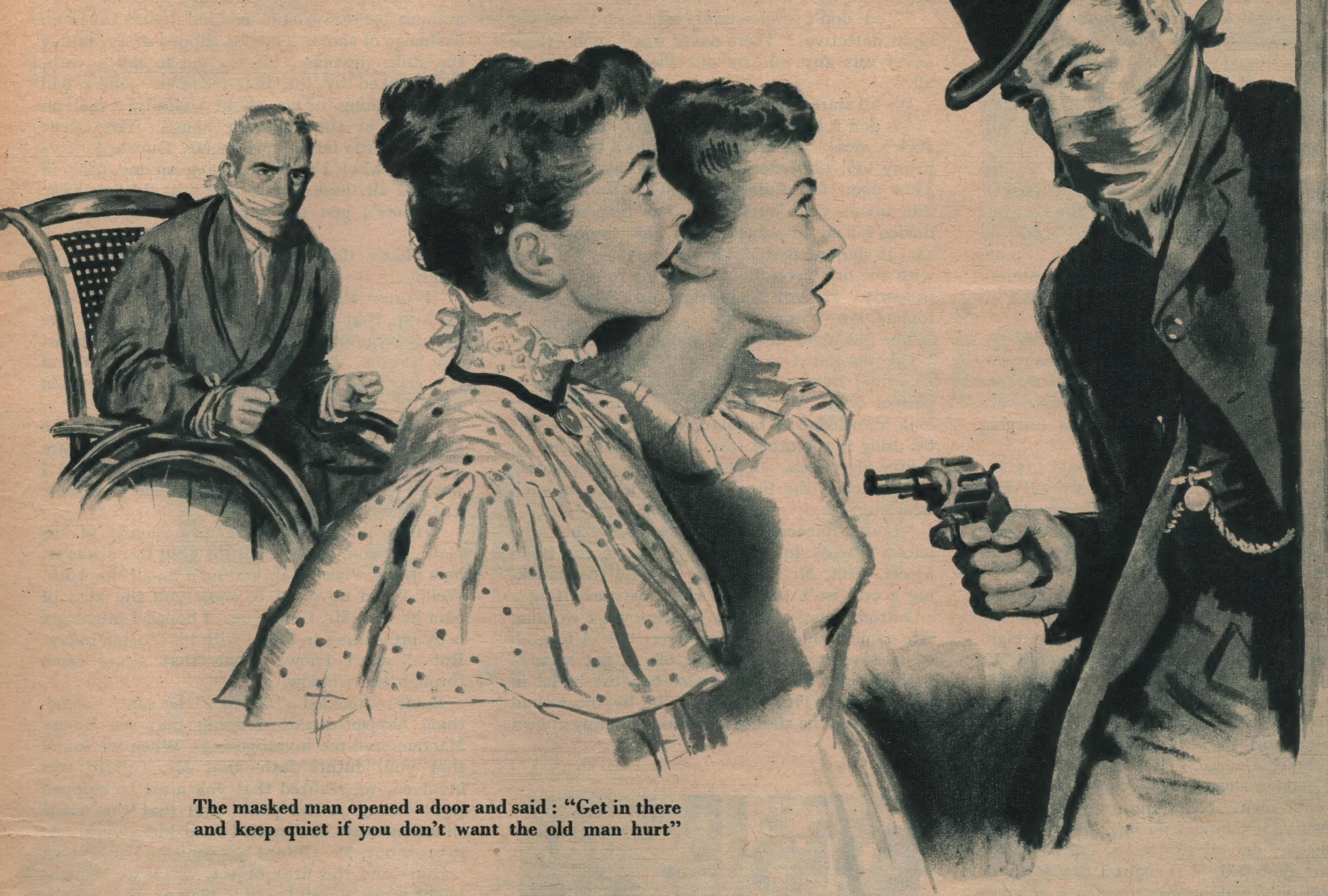
We got up and went out. Raffles walked straight out on to the steps before the hotel. There was a terrace and a small front garden. Raffles turned to the right along the terrace.

"After that aquarium incident, Bunny," he said, "I've got an uneasy feeling about all this. Who *was* that chap? Obviously somebody from Cullimore's, since he smelled of that scent. My guess is that he had a bottle of it in his pocket, and that the bottle must have been leaking a bit. But why the devil would anyone provide himself with a prior bottle of that scent unless he anticipated a need for it?"

"Need?" I said. "What kind of need?"

"Obviously," Raffles said, "the surprise gift constitutes evidence of presence at the luncheon. Suppose something were to happen to that bag of sovereigns, the first thing the police would do would be to ask everybody to show his or her silk scarf and bottle of scent. If somebody didn't have 'em, he'd be asked to explain where the devil he was during the luncheon. And I

it was a situation where Raffles could cash in



The masked man opened a door and said : "Get in there and keep quiet if you don't want the old man hurt"

think," Raffles added grimly, "I know where *I'd* be if I had designs on that sovereign bag."

"Where?" I said.

"In the room of the sick old man," Raffles said. "Didn't Nan mention, in the train, that her father had a balcony room with a south-west view? Well, it must be one of those rooms up there. Come on. And not a sound!"

Swiftly, on tiptoe, he led the way up a spiral staircase and stepped on to the covered balcony.

THE rooms giving on to the balcony had french windows. Raffles prowled from one window to the next, glancing in cautiously at each. Suddenly he reached back a hand to check me. His back flat to the wall, he peered sidelong round the edge of the french windows, standing open, of the fourth room along.

I craned to see past Raffles into the room. In the mirror of a dressing-table I could see a pale, dapper man wearing a dark suit and black felt hat, pacing to and fro across the carpet. He looked shrewd but jumpy. In a wheel-chair sat an older man with a grey-stubbled head and a stubble of grey moustache. His wrists and ankles were bound to the wheel-chair, *but he was puffing at a pipe*.

Raffles turned his head. "There's a chest-of-drawers drawn square across a doorway," he breathed. "Probably a bathroom, with the nurse shut up in there. The old man's certainly Will Gilford, the night detective. The younger chap, in the black felt hat, is certainly the man who was in the aquarium. I think it's a dead cert he's Sam Jeffers, the day detective. They're working something together."

I nodded and craned past him to peer into the mirror. Suddenly I saw Jeffers snatch the pipe from the old man's mouth, put it in an ashtray on the chest-of-drawers, then whip a handkerchief over the old man's mouth and knot it at the back of his head, gagging him. Loosely about his own neck another handkerchief was knotted. He pulled it up over his face to the eyes, stepped to the door, his right hand in his pocket. A knock sounded on the door. He opened it wide, keeping behind it.

Into the room walked Nan Gilford and Mary Hallam, Nan proudly carrying, cupped in both hands, the embroidered bag, and Mary the flowers that Nan had brought from London.

They saw the night detective bound and gagged in his wheel-chair. They stopped dead. Behind them the door handle rattled. They both turned swiftly. They saw the masked man with a revolver in his hand shutting and bolting the door. He reached out and snatched the sovereign bag from Nan. He shoved aside the chest-of-drawers, pulled open a door. I saw a middle-aged woman in a nurse's uniform staring from a small bathroom.

"Get in there," the masked man told the girls harshly, "and keep quiet if you don't want the old man hurt."

The pale girls obeyed without a word. The masked man closed the door and shoved the chest-of-drawers across it. Then he pulled off his handkerchief-mask. He crossed to a large portmanteau, opened it, dropped the sovereign bag into it, took out a pearl-grey suit and a straw hat. He whipped off his black felt hat and the jacket of his suit, crammed them into the portmanteau. His trousers followed. He began swiftly to pull on the pearl-grey suit.

When he had finished dressing, he locked the portmanteau. Then, with a wink, he tucked the key into the old man's waistcoat pocket.

Raffles gripped my arm, urged me quickly through the open french windows of the neighbouring room. Scarcely had we stepped inside than we heard the day detective step out from the night detective's room, walk quickly along the balcony and down the spiral stairs.

"Now he'll stroll round and mingle with the people," Raffles murmured. "Obviously he changed his suit because the girls and the nurse—and Will Gilford—will swear that the thief wore a dark suit and black felt hat."

"Nan asked Jeffers to bring down a portmanteau for her father on Wednesday," I whispered. "Jeffers must have popped that grey suit and straw hat of his own into the portmanteau."

"Of course he did," Raffles said. "Wednesday must have been when they fixed this up between 'em. The cunning foxes!"

"I don't see what they gain by it," I said.

"Bunny, they undoubtedly believe that, if old Will's award is stolen, George Cullimore will make it up to him out of his own pocket," Raffles said. "Instead of just old Will getting two hundred and fifty quid, he and Jeffers'll *both* get two hundred and fifty. Pretty neat, Bunny. Now it's *our* move."

RAFFLES bolted the door of the room as he spoke, and I said, staring: "This is a mess, Raffles. What are you going to do?"

"What do you think?" he said. He opened the door of the wardrobe. It contained a number of hats and coats. He tried one of the hats on, a white linen sun-hat. "Do fine," he said. "And this, I think." He donned a white linen dust-coat and tied his handkerchief over his face. Then he noted a pair of blue-tinted sun-glasses on the dressing-table, and donned those, too. Never had he been so totally unrecognizable.

"Now, keep *cave*," he said.

He took a quick look out on to the balcony, then stepped out. I followed him. He stepped into the night detective's room while I watched again in the dressing-table mirror. I saw the eyes of the old man in the wheel-chair start from his head, above his gag, at the strange figure which came to his wheel-chair, took the key from his waistcoat pocket, then crossed to the portmanteau, unlocked it, took out the embroidered bag, replaced the key in the old man's pocket, and stepped silently out again through the windows on to the balcony.

We returned quickly to the next room. Raffles stripped off his borrowed plumes, replaced them where they belonged. He put the sovereign bag into the pocket of his jacket and unbolted the door. "Right," he said. "Now everything's left as we found it, so come on—out the way we came."

SOME time later we were lazing in basket-chairs on the terrace. I felt very uneasy, but Raffles clearly was enjoying himself. "Did you hear something?" he said suddenly. "Something like a door being barged open upstairs? Perhaps we'd better go up and see what it's all about."

We found the night detective's room by the sound of voices proceeding from it. In the room, the chest-of-drawers stood askew, the bathroom door was open; Mary, George and the nurse were talking simultaneously, and Nan was untying her father's bonds.

"You're all right, Father?" she said, as sh untied the last cord. "Oh, thank heavens! But the bag, Father, you saw the bag the man took from me—the embroidered bag? There were two hundred and fifty sovereigns in it—for *you*."

She pressed her hands to her face.

"Don't, Nan—Miss Gilford," begged George, deeply moved. "Damn the bag. I'll make the money up to your father, every last sovereign. It's the swine of a man we want. I'll call the police."

He swung round and would have rushed straight from the room, but Raffles was blocking the doorway, with me looking over his shoulder.

"Look here, George," Raffles said, "d'you mind if I make a suggestion? You've got detectives of your own. I can quite see that your night detective is temporarily inactive, but what about your day detective?"

My heart thumped. I thought I saw Raffles's game. Not only had he got the 250 sovereigns safely in his pocket, but he now was manoeuvring to keep the police out of the affair.

George considered. "Good idea!" he said abruptly. "You girls, ask some of the children to find Jeffers for me, will you?"

The girls went off. The nurse said she was going to her room to lie down. As she withdrew, I looked curiously at the old rascal of a night detective in his wheel-chair. Anyone could have seen that he had had a bad shock. He was gazing blankly before him as though he still saw a masked apparition in white dust-coat and linen hat, with staring blue spectacles.

"Can't understand it," he was muttering to himself, over and over. "Who . . . ?" He rubbed his forehead with unsteady fingers. "Mr. Cullimore," he said, "would you mind passing me my pipe from the chest-of-drawers there?" He began to fill the pipe. "There's a saying, Mr. Cullimore," he said. He seemed to be forcing himself to speak. "'Be sure your sin will find you out.'" He shook his head sadly. "Mr. Durward of the counting house is my oldest friend in the firm, sir," he said. "Mr. Cullimore, I wrote Mr. Durward a letter last Wednesday—strictly confidential letter—which I told him he was to show to you as and when I gave him the word. I take it that he hasn't shown it to you yet?"

"I've seen no letter, Mr. Gilford," George said, puzzled.

The old night detective's hand shook as he set his pipe between his teeth. "I've got to tell you, Mr. Cullimore," he said. "The theft of the award was a put-up job—between me and Sam Jeffers."

The shamefaced old man told the whole story. "By rights," he said, "the sovereign bag ought to be there in my portmanteau. But something went wrong, Mr. Cullimore. Some . . . some *figure*, sir, came through the window there and took the bag and walked off with it. I know you'll never believe that, Mr. Cullimore. . . ."

"But why shouldn't Mr. Cullimore believe it?" Raffles said. "After all, mightn't this—this *figure* have been a member of the mob that attempted the Piccadilly robbery?"

"You don't understand, sir," said the old night detective. "There never was a mob—there never was any raid on our Piccadilly place at all."

We all stared at him.

"I don't know how I ever got myself into such a mess," he said. "Never put a foot wrong in my life, till Jeffers came in as day detective. That man, Mr. Cullimore! Sly? Kept on, he did, about your putting in that time-recording device for me to punch on my night rounds. He said it showed that, after all the years I'd been with the firm, you didn't trust me to do my job properly. He got me worked up. That man's tongue, sir—poison!"

The old night detective shook his head sadly. "Then he put it to me, sir, about how the time-recording device could be made to provide a perfect alibi. Why not, he said, turn my lifelong knowledge of burglary to my own account by using it the other way round? While he, on a fifty-fifty basis, slipped back into the building and punched the time-recording device on each floor for me.

"I was imbecile enough to try it—just the once. I went for a jeweller's nearby in Bond Street. But, Mr. Cullimore, I found that cracking a crib isn't the same thing as preventing a crib from being cracked. A gem-cutter working late came at me with a revolver. I had to grab it, to save myself. It went off. I got away—with the revolver. But I also had the bullet in my innards. That's how I came by the wound which made the staff of Cullimore's kindly collect the fund for me in the embroidered sovereign bag."

"I managed to get back to Cullimore's. To account for my wound, me and Jeffers faked an exchange of shots. Then he slipped away, taking the stolen revolver, leaving me to tell a yarn, well backed by the time-recorders Jeffers had been punching for me, about a raid by a mob on the safe in the counting house. The whole truth's in the letter I wrote Mr. Durward. I've paid for what I've done, lying on my back in hospital all these weeks, and convalescing here. But there's just one thing I can say for myself."

"What's that, Mr. Gilford?" Raffles asked quietly.

"I draw the line at robbing my own boss. To keep Nan from learning how I really came by my wound, I was prepared to go to almost any lengths. I was afraid that, if I was found out, the good position she'd made for herself in the firm might be ruined.

"Jeffers knew how I felt, so he thought he had me in his pocket. But when he came here on Wednesday and told me about the award I was to get, and how he had a scheme to double it, he went too far.

"He wouldn't give me any details of his plan. He told me that all I'd need to do was sit here in my wheel-chair and he'd do all the work. Well, I had no proof to show you the kind of man he was, Mr. Cullimore. I hoped I might get it by pretending to fall in with his scheme today. But—I don't know. That—that *figure* came through the window. . . ."

Raffles chuckled. "George," he said, "something happened this morning that set Bunny Manders and me investigating. When we found that your future fath—that Mr. Gilford was involved, we realized that you must be stopped from calling in the police and that the whole situation must be handled with kid gloves. As it turns out, Mr. Gilford has confessed of his own accord—and this little object, which we thought might prove a useful card to play on your behalf, serves no purpose now."

He took from the pocket of his jacket the embroidered bag.

WILL GILFORD's pipe fell from his mouth. "You?" he said. "It was *you*, sir?" He snatched the bag and untied the cord with fingers that trembled. "I knew Mr. Durward would have the packing of this. I was determined that, however clever Jeffers's plan turned out to be today, the money subscribed by decent, generous-hearted folks should be kept safe. So, in my letter, I asked Mr. Durward. . . ."

I scarcely heard. I was staring incredulously at the coins which cascaded from the sovereign bag into the old man's lap.

"Ha'p'nies," said George, in a hushed voice. "Damme! *Ha'p'nies!*"

Raffles shook his head slowly. He put a friendly hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Congratulations, Mr. Gilford," he said. "The last laugh is with the night detective, after all."

George Cullimore mopped his perspiring face. "If you hadn't stopped me from calling in the police, Raffles," he said, "if they'd found out all we've learned—damme, it'd have broken Nan's heart."

Raffles chuckled. "Bunny," he said, "I rather think George now has another matter—an intimate, family matter—to take up with Mr. Gilford."

He opened the door. A man in a pearl-grey suit and straw hat straightened up abruptly, spun round, and we heard his footsteps racing away along the corridor.

"Mr. Jeffers has been eavesdropping again. You're well quit of him, George. If at some time in the future Bunny Manders and I should fall on evil days, you might perhaps consider us for the posts of day and night detectives at Cullimore's," said A. J. Raffles.

THE END

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The man with the treadle

Sir, I can set your shears as fine
  As the north-wind when it freezes,
And make your handsaws rip through pine
  Like grocer's wires through cheeses.
Mam, I could sharpen to such edge
  Old scissors from your garret
That they would slice a window-wedge
  As though it were boiled carrot,
For it's my revolving wheel, O
And the merry song I reel, O
Add life to genuine steel, O.

Mark, sir, I do not claim to make
  A new blade of an old one,
As you, good woman, cannot bake
  A fresh pie from a cold one.
But where true metal still remains
  To spark against my thumb, see,
In place of rust and spider-skeins
  The keen new edge will come, see,
Matching in line and shine, O
This merry song of mine, O
Still young in life's decline, O.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

A return ticket into space will cost millions of pounds. Can Britain afford to land . . .

A MAN ON THE MOON?

by Dr. P. E. HODGSON

The picture of the moon's surface is reproduced by courtesy of Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories

This airman, Donald Farrell (right), went on a simulated trip to the moon. After seven days alone in the space chamber, his first request was for a cigarette

It's only a matter of days before man reaches the moon for the first time. The Americans have announced that they intend to send up a rocket whose landing on the moon will be made visible on earth, perhaps by the explosion of a hydrogen bomb.

When this happens the space age will have begun in earnest. Man will have escaped from the earth and started to probe the depths of space.

The first landings will be directed by remote control, with rockets carrying a variety of instruments which will probably include television cameras. The next stage is landing a man on the moon. Many scientists in Britain are coming round to the conclusion that we cannot afford not to play a part in man's first venture into space.

The Americans have tried to estimate how much it would cost to put a man on the moon and have come up with a figure of about two thousand million dollars, which is about the cost of the first atomic bomb.

So far Britain seems to have lagged behind in the space race. Both America and Russia have put up satellites; we have no plans for putting up even one. Is it possible for us to regain our prestige by landing the first man on the moon?

When the first sputnik was launched it was generally considered that it would be a dangerous diversion of money and scientific manpower for Britain to compete. Since then there has been a pronounced shift of opinion in scientific circles, for two main reasons.

The first is that it looks as though we are already committed to paying most of the bill as part of our defence programme. And it is becoming increasingly clear that there are several ways in which we could reasonably expect to earn dividends on our investment in space travel.

To see how this comes about, it is necessary to consider what would be involved in getting a man to the moon. The basic unit of equipment would be a powerful rocket of the type that lifted the earth satellites into orbit. These rockets are similar to the Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles being developed for military purposes, and even without a nuclear warhead, cost in the region of £1 million.

When they were used to launch the earth satellites these rockets carried smaller rockets in their noses. These in turn carried the satellites. The smaller rocket was fired as its "big brother" reached its top altitude, and took the satellite into its orbit.

It is several steps from sending up a satellite to landing a man on the moon. The rocket must escape from the gravitational pull of the earth, lower itself down on to the surface of the moon and make a safe landing. Then there are all the problems of getting back.

Since the moon has no atmosphere, there is no hope of being able to glide gradually down on to its surface. Auxiliary rockets discharging in a forward direction will be needed to slow down the space ship. These would have to be of considerable power and would add much unwanted weight to the original rocket.

There remains the difficulty of bringing the man back. This is not quite so difficult as getting him there but still poses a formidable problem.

To escape from the gravitational field of the moon the returning rocket would need to attain a speed of several thousand miles per hour. And we must remember that the fuel for this has to be transported on the outward journey.

Landing safely back on earth presents another tremendous difficulty. The heat generated by a direct approach would melt the rocket. But if it were designed like a small, swept-wing plane, the rocket could glide gradually down to earth, probably becoming red hot in the process, and heat-resisting metals would enable the pilot to survive the ordeal.

So, obviously, there is little possibility of a rocket ever making the complete journey from earth to moon and back again. But by taking the journey in stages it becomes more practicable.

Planning for a trip to the moon is similar in many respects to planning the ascent of Mount Everest. The journey has to be accomplished in stages, with a series of bases to which supplies for each new attempt can be transported. The final attack on the summit is carried out by a spearhead, a small fraction of the total force involved in the whole attempt.

What is required is a halfway house to the moon. The existing satellites are halfway stations in miniature and the establishment of a jumping-off ground for the final leap to the moon would seem to be comparatively simple.

Our space station would have to be higher up than the satellites so that it did not spiral to destruction. A height of about a thousand miles would be sufficient.

To construct the station, parts would have to be taken up by rocket and assembled bit by bit. A hundred or more trips would be needed to get the whole thing into position, which would cost about £200 million.

When the space station is finished, work can begin on the assembly of moon rockets. At

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Our friends said it was madness, but my husband

We bought

by BETSY INNES-SMITH

Betsy Innes-Smith keeps up with her housework in the dining room of her forty-roomed home near Loughborough

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Last Easter, Bob and I opened Burton Hall, our stately home in Leicestershire, to the public for the second year. Our first visitors, three women, arrived early after lunch. I was washing up. "Would you mind waiting while I fetch my husband?" I said. "He's the official guide."

Bob had gone off to another part of our home. At Burton Hall there are forty rooms, as well as outbuildings, yards and gardens. I rushed upstairs to ring the bell on the roof. The alarm could be heard in the village, Burton-le-Wolds, near Loughborough.

Several minutes later Bob arrived in the hall. His hands were filthy, his face streaked with grease. He had been in the pumping shed starting an ancient engine which draws our water.

We are not as stately as we might be at Burton Hall. The suit of armour is rusty; so are the sabres and spears. The big-game trophies have been nibbled by moths. And most of the "old masters" are not worth restoration.

But our visitors always seem satisfied. The three women happily paid 1s. 6d. each, and tipped Bob half a crown. "We'll come again, Mrs. Smith," they told me.

Burton Hall, with its eight entrances, four bathrooms and eleven lavatories (three outside), was built in the eighteenth century by a High Sheriff of Leicester and occupied at various periods by the Dukes of Somerset and the Huntingdon family. Eventually, like other big houses, it was offered for sale. By the end of 1956 the price was less than £4,000.

Bob, who is a schoolmaster, took out our savings to buy it, and we gave up our London flat. We looked upon the move as an experiment in living. Our friends called it madness.

It was an expensive experiment because repayments and insurance on the Hall came to about £8 a week. The rates brought this to £10 before other living costs were considered. And to add to our financial needs, I was expecting a baby in November. Bob's salary alone was not enough. We had to open our home to the public.

Woburn Abbey and Chatsworth House had attracted about 250,000 visitors each during the previous summer. At Woburn and Chatsworth the charges were 2s. 6d. a head. As we were less stately, we decided to operate at a cut price of 1s. 6d. Our slogan was: "If you don't like it, don't pay."

What Burton Hall lacked in Cipriani plaster work, Zucchi panels, Adam chimney-pieces and Wyatt staircases, we would try to make up in friendliness and hospitality. I was convinced that the main attraction in stately home viewing was not aesthetic, but a basic urge to see how other people lived.

At least our way of life was unusual.

Between the moment of our decision and Easter, when we opened, I went round the local auctions collecting pieces of old furniture, valueless but interesting pictures, and fragments of unwanted Victoriana.

Before long we had accumulated, among other things, a miscellany of gilt-framed portraits and landscapes, mostly for less than 5s. each; several antique chairs, from 3s. 6d.; an American harmonium in working order, 30s.; two "stately" sofas, £2 each; a glass case containing stuffed pheasant, snipe, kingfishers and grouse, 5s.; and two first-edition dictionaries by Johnson, £1 each.

On top of this we discovered that the door of the granary, which we had thought to be made of a wartime blackout blind, was in fact a dust-covered portrait of the late Countess Maud of Huntingdon in her wedding dress. Bob cleaned up the tattered canvas and added it to the collection.

We also found a secret panel under layers of paint in the library. Bob scraped off the paint, pressed a catch and the panel flew open.

In a small recess was a photograph album which had belonged to Lady Louisa Arabella Hastings, daughter of the 12th Earl of Huntingdon. It contained original pictures of Queen Victoria, the Empress Eugénie, Prince Albert and Prince Edward. In keeping with the rest of the Burton Hall collection, they were of little value.

One evening Bob and I were discussing our finds when an earthquake struck the mansion. A slip in the rock-base of the Charnwood Forest shook the foundations and sent many of our relics flying from the walls. A hundred pictures were shaken askew. We toured the house straightening them and trying to decide if the cracks in the ceilings were new or had been there before.

From Easter on, a small but regular number of visitors arrived at the Hall each weekend. Through a pair of binoculars I counted them coming up the long driveway, then ran to the kitchen to prepare the teas. On our busiest day last year seventy people turned up. When I ran out of cups and saucers, they set to and washed up their own.

Most people seemed less interested in the house than its occupants. Others were mainly concerned with refreshment. One woman asked at the door if I served new-laid eggs. When I

In the pumping shed, Bob Innes-Smith starts the old engine which draws the Hall's water

and I left our London flat, took a deep breath and all our savings, and . . .

ourselves a stately home

The Innes-Smiths at work in the garden at Burton Hall. To pay for its upkeep it is open to visitors

told her that we had no hens, she went away.

Among those who took a closer interest in the Hall was a man from Leicester named Arthur Goddard. He and his wife were the last visitors with us one evening. As we sat talking, Bob mentioned that the lock on a door between the chapel and the dairy was jammed. We had never managed to get it open.

At about seven oclock, Mr. Goddard, a small man with an animated way of talking, turned to his wife. "Shall we mend that door for them, dear?"

"Arthur's an expert with locks," she explained.

Arthur Goddard got into his car and drove to Leicester to fetch his tools. At eleven o'clock he was working on the lock by torchlight. He had the lock working before he went home.

News that we had opened our house to the public brought us a large number of business letters and calls. One firm offered to sell us automatic sound equipment "enabling visitors to hear a 'sound picture' of the history of your home, including dramatic scenes from the past, with actors, background music and effects." It would have cost more than £100.

A retired army officer tried to sell us a second-hand Italian coffee machine. "You can make a profit of sevenpence a cup," he assured me.

A farmer wanted to graze his Jersey cows "on the estate." He thought that they would add elegance to the setting. In fact, though the gardens and a paddock are ours, "the estate" was sold a long time ago to raise money. And a London motor firm suggested that we should hire from them a Daimler used by Sir Winston Churchill when he was First Lord of the Admiralty. Alternatively, for the same price—£7 a week—they had a seven-ton armoured car used by Goering during the war.

We declined all the offers.

Our most welcome caller was an A.A. patrolman who saluted smartly and asked where we wanted "the signs."

Later that day Burton Hall was signposted at all the main road junctions in the area. The service was free.

In our early days at the house the top-floor rooms were carpeted with dead flies, and sometimes I found frogs in the kitchen sinks. Once Bob tried to open a window to put them out. It was overgrown with ivy and would not budge.

I have never had the windows cleaned at Burton Hall. When Bob reckoned that it would cost something like £5 a visit, we decided to do the job ourselves. We have about eighty windows yet to tackle.

In the library a colony of mice had settled behind the bookshelves. This problem was solved by a stray tom-cat which fortuitously attached itself to the Hall. We called it Simpkin—our faithful family retainer. In just over a year Simpkin exterminated every mouse in the house. Then, wearily, the poor animal curled up and died.

Throughout the summer the garden demanded a slavish amount of attention. Bob bought a small motor mower on hire purchase. The grass was so thick that the machine kept breaking down. It took three full evenings to mow the lawns. On the fourth evening he started clipping the yew hedge in the formal garden. That

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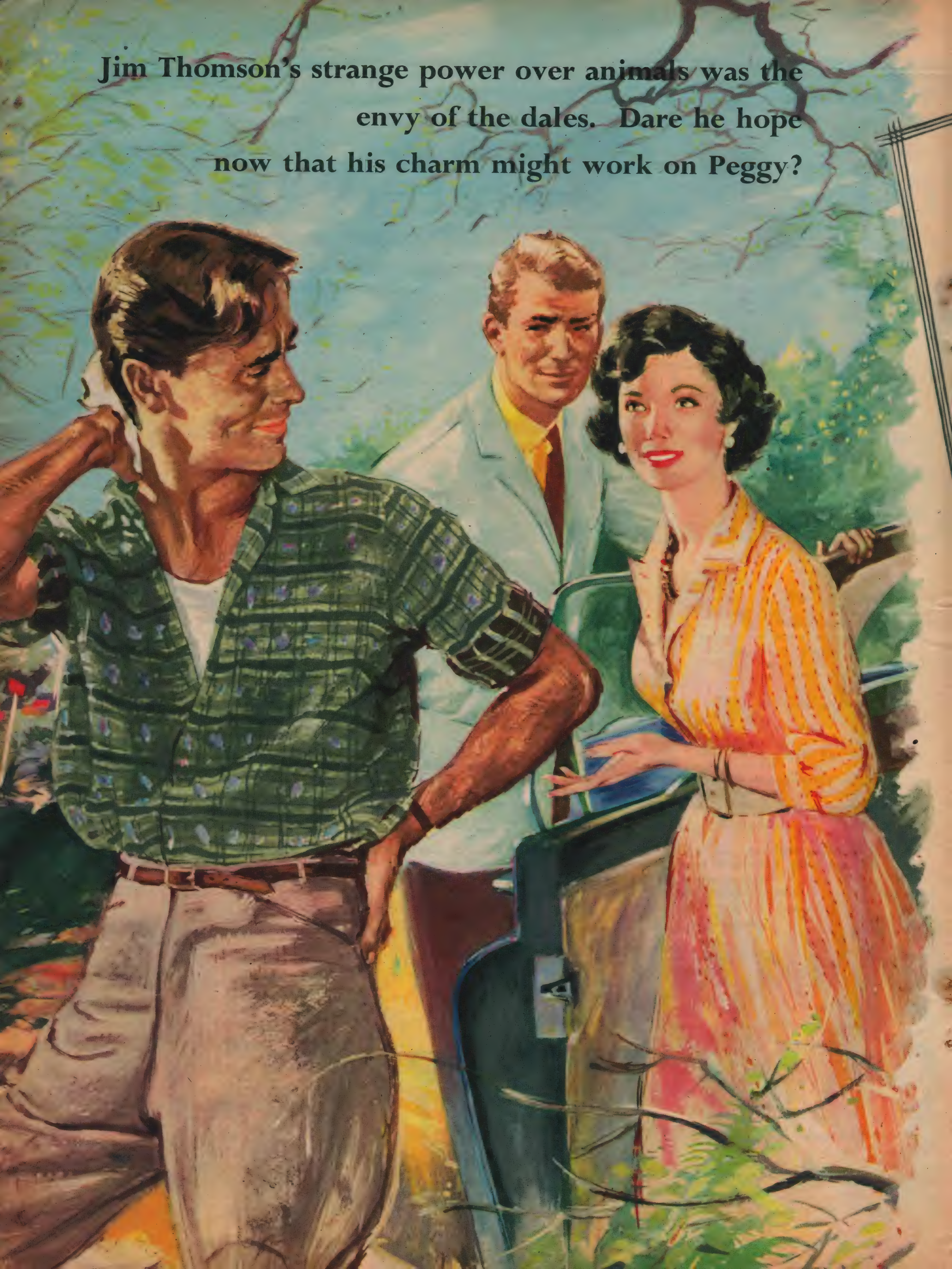
A tour of Burton Hall ends with a party of visitors having tea with Bob and Betsy Innes-Smith in the handsome drawing-room

Burton Hall's solitary suit of armour has grown rusty, but it is still a centre of interest for the youngsters among the visitors

Jim Thomson's strange power over animals was the envy of the dales. Dare he hope now that his charm might work on Peggy?



THE MAGIC TOUCH

by DUDLEY HOYS

Jim was in his oldest shirt when the car drew up. Out stepped Peggy, a sleek young man at her side—a young man who was all that Jim could never be

DRESSING corn on the far side of Hollinstead stackyard, Jim Thomson was almost wishing he had never seen the lass. It had been only a glimpse, as she stepped out of the village shop into a car and drove off.

"Who's she?" he had asked Mike Porter, one of his hired men.

"Her's the vet acting for old Burrell while he and his missis are on holiday. Name of Vallance."

Silly, Jim told himself, to get these feelings from one glimpse. A sort of longing, it was, and growing no less after three days. And she would be calling this afternoon, for he had sent for her to see a sick cow.

At the thought of actually meeting her, Jim had a sense of breathlessness. He went on feeding the corn and turning the handle, and failed to hear the car draw up quietly outside the gate of the home field. It was by sheer chance he happened to glance round. She was already in the field. Unseen by her, emerging from behind a bend of the stone wall, came a big Swaledale ram, vicious of temper in the balked phase before the breeding season.

Jim did two things swiftly. He yelled a warning, and bawled at one of the sheepdogs sprawled near his feet.

"E-Jeff . . . there!"

Jeff rippled into the field, Jim following at full speed. He saw the girl turn, jump sideways. That savage, butting head missed her by a foot. As the ram swung round for another charge, Jeff was at his flank.

Peggy Vallance was panting and laughing. "What a brute!"

"Aye, he's a bad one at this time of year." Jim approached the ram. "Steady, old fellow."

The ram began pressing its neck against his legs. The girl said: "Why it's sheer magic! You've got a way with you." She was studying his half-averted face with its rather shy, dreamy grey eyes more suited to an artist's studio than the toughness of hill-farming. "Where's the sick cow?"

"This way," he said, leading her towards the byre. "I reckon it's poisoning. Last week they cleaned up a drainage beck. Dead-tongue had been growing there."

"Water aconite?"

"Aye. Some of the roots were left on the bank, and I'll bet my cow nibbled at them."

"Wicked stuff, water aconite."

He tried to reply, but a stupid shyness paralysed his tongue. The very nearness of her overawed him.

Ten minutes later she had confirmed his guess about the ailing Frisian and given instructions for treatment. "It's almost cheek to advise people like you," she said cheerfully. "I suppose you've been at it all your life?"

"Aye. Brought up on this farm. I took over here five years ago last spring, when my father died."

"I'll call again tomorrow and see the patient," she said.

Jim would have given five pounds to conjure up words of chatty talk, but they stuck painfully at the back of his throat. In silence he walked with her towards her car. The autumn fells reared themselves up on either side as splendid barriers of bronze and green.

"This is a glorious dale." She sighed her appreciation. "Mr. Burrell's suggesting I might care to become a junior partner. It's tempting. To live among all this loveliness. . . ."

He heard himself saying with effort: "Aye, it's grand here."

They were nearing the car. He could make out behind the partly closed window the powerful head of an alsatian, its black muzzle pressed against the glass.

She said: "I've had Rex since he was a pup. Now he's old, nearly twelve, and——" Her voice ended in an urgent cry of warning, and her hand snatched at Jim's elbow. He had thrust his arm through to fondle the dog. There was a furious snarl that died as it rose. The dog was licking his fingers while Jim made chirruping sounds.

"It's incredible!" She relaxed with relief. "You're just miraculous with animals."

"Well, I wouldn't say that," Jim said mildly.

"But you are." She was staring at him in wide-eyed admiration. "When Rex is in the car, if a stranger even comes near—and yet with you he's like a lamb." She laughed shakily. "Rex is all right in the open. But inside the car. . . ." She shook her head.

Jim went back to his work in a shining daze. Common sense kept telling him not to be a silly fool. But there was no harm in pretending, surely? Just for once, why shouldn't he dream for a while . . . ?

SHE called next morning and examined the sick Frisian. He stroked the creature's smooth neck. "Aye, old lass, you're picking up a bit."

Peggy said: "There's a distinct improvement. Well, I must get cracking. There's a big round to cover."

He mumbled: "Likely you won't be calling again?"

She glanced at him shrewdly, and about her mouth flickered a ghost of understanding. "In a few days. I like to make sure my patients are up and doing."

He said huskily: "That's fine."

That night, sitting in the flagged kitchen and shaping a new shepherd's crook with a hazel rod and a Swaledale horn, Jim tried to take himself to task. If he wanted to care for a lass, why couldn't he have fallen in love with one from the dale, a farmer's daughter or some such? But this girl had been to college—and he was just a small farmer, who knew nothing of life away from the dale. To go about with a song in his heart and a useless longing in his head, that was a feckless game.

"Listen," he told himself. "You've not much to offer any lass, let alone to her. What's more, you don't mean a wisp of wool to her. Get hold of your silly notions and stamp on them."

But they refused to be crushed. They went with him milking, mucking out the byre, feeding the calves with blue milk, scything the briars that had grown into spikey jungles during the summer and could twine about and trap browsing sheep. They went with him up the fells, over scree and crag and stony ridges on a gather to bring down the flock and separate the growing lambs from their mothers. They defied hard fact until the third time he met her. And then the dream crumbled away into bleak reality.

Jim was repairing a gap in the wall flanking the dale road. He was wearing his oldest shirt, stained breeches and muddy gumboots. Dirt and the slime of moss from the stones smeared his hands.

A car slid up behind him. He turned to see

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH WYNNE

her stepping out, a tall, sleek young man at her side.

She said: "This is a friend of mine, Dickie Maltby. He's staying at the Fox for a fortnight."

Jim rubbed his palm on his breeches and took the extended hand. Maltby glanced at the walling and said: "That must be a tricky job."

"You get used to it." He could hear the empty flatness of his own words and an inner voice whispered at him: "Serves you right." Fancy pretending a chap like him might matter to her. This Maltby was all he never could be.

"Dick," she was saying, "is in one of these frighteningly modern lines, electronics."

They talked for a few minutes and drove on. Jim resumed his walling, his eyes a little blind, but his skilled hands unslackening. He had made a fool of himself, but only to himself. Let him wish the pair all the luck in the world.

Four afternoons later she came to Hollinstead. She suddenly appeared around a corner. Caught off his guard, he felt his face grow pale.

She smiled and said: "You can't guess what I've come for."

He simply shook his head.

"It's like this. There's a dance at Carlisle on Saturday, run by an amateur dramatic club I used to belong to. But I can't go without a partner. Dick has promised to spend the week-end at Lancaster. His host's a big noise in the electronics business."

"Aye?"

"I'm new here. I don't know any young man I can ask, except you." She laughed. "That doesn't sound very graciously put, does it? Anyhow, will you come?"

"Me!" he gasped. "But—but—won't your friend mind?"

"Why should he?"

He dared to ask: "Are you pledged?"

"I——? Oh, yes, almost. What's that to do with it? It doesn't mean I mustn't dance with anybody else." Again she was laughing.

For his own sake he fought to refuse, and lost. He said: "I'd like to come."

"Good. I shan't be able to run you there because I've an appointment fairly close to Carlisle that afternoon and won't have time to get back here first. But I can drive you home. If you get there about seven. . . ."

"My old car's crocked just now," Jim said, "but I can bike to the station."

He accompanied her to the car. Rex greeted him with crooning yelps. As his fingers stroked behind the pointed ears she said: "Saturday will be a dull day for Rex. Can't take him with me. Still, Dick has promised to give him a run in the morning before he leaves for Lancaster."

"Aye," said Jim, scarcely hearing. He was floating on air.

On Saturday he did the second milking and the tidying up earlier than usual. Walking over to the house to bath and dress, he realized that his hands were trembling with excitement. He whispered to himself: *Steady on. You're crazy, you idiot.*

It was no use. These few hours ahead were going to be the great evening of his life. Sensible thinking had no part in it.

He reached the kitchen door. A boy's voice shouted: "Hi, there!" Pedalling fast into the stackyard came Tommy Shaw, old Mrs. Shaw's grandson. He jumped off and gabbled in panting haste: "Granma says can you come quick? Yon dog Rex is in a bad way. Got summat wrong with paw and it's moanin' and whining awful. Miss Vallance won't be back till late and Granma reckons you might help."

Jim glanced at his watch anxiously, hesitated, and said: "Just about time. Okay." He grabbed his bike and tore down the three miles of dale road, Tommy trailing far behind.

He could hear Rex's moanings as he knocked at the door. Mrs. Shaw opened it. She said: "I daren't go near him. He's savage with pain."

She led Jim to the kitchen. The alsatian was lying on the floor, writhing and whimpering and snatching at its off-fore paw. The pad had swollen to a puffy tautness, twice the size of the others.

"He was lame-like when Mr. Maltby brought him back from his run," she said. "But Mr. Maltby didn't pay much heed. He was in a hurry to get off to Lancaster."

Jim said briefly: "Get a bowl of warm water. I'll do what I can."

Talking in a gentle, crooning voice he stooped over Rex, lightly slid his fingertips along the foreleg towards the paw. There was a shuddering snarl. Jim's left arm crooked around the dog's shoulders and neck.

"Easy, now, easy."

Rex moaned and quietened a little. Mrs. Shaw brought the warm water. With a delicate firmness Jim suddenly dipped the swollen paw into the bowl. Rex's head swivelled, bare fangs exposed. Mrs. Shaw gave a scared gasp.

"Mind out! He'll——"

"Nay, nay, you won't, old boy, will you?"

Rex shivered and the muscles of his back relaxed. The paw remained in the bowl.

For ten minutes Jim kept it like that, while Mrs. Shaw twice added more warm water. But at the end the swelling was worse.

Jim looked at his watch. Unless he left at once it would be too late to get back, change and catch the train.

Kneeling there, he fought a battle with himself that made him sick with indecision. Mrs. Shaw saw something of it, and not understanding, put it down to his efforts to control the dog.

"If only we could get Miss Vallance," she said. "Fairly dotes on that old dog, she does."

He had made his decision now. He swallowed hard and said in a blank voice: "Got any bandaging? And I'll want a sharp, clean knife. Dip it in boiling water first."

Mrs. Shaw went to fetch the things. A slight smile twisted Jim's mouth. He muttered to Rex: "I've been daft for long enough. Perhaps you've brought me to my senses."

Mrs. Shaw returned with the knife and bandage. Jim loosened one end of the crêpe. With a lightning twist he bound it around the dog's muzzle.

He knotted the crêpe, picked up the knife. Mrs. Shaw sucked in a nervous breath. The blade poised, flicked down across the swollen paw. Rex's body heaved convulsively. Again the blade flicked, the second cut forming a cross with the first. Rex's shoulders jerked violently. Jim hung on, and his right hand closed over the paw and squeezed deliberately. Blood and a whitish fluid began to bubble out. Something hard slid across his finger. It was a fragment of broken glass.

He held it up towards Mrs. Shaw. "There you are. No wonder."

Rex's struggles were lessening. The bloated paw was already subsiding.

Jim said: "He'll best take care of it himself now. Lick and lick and lick."

He started to undo the bandaging. Rex's tail was flagging before his muzzle came finally free.

"Aye, he'll do." Jim got up. There was one more job, to phone that hotel in Carlisle. Better not tell her about Rex or she might worry all evening. No. The only thing to do was to leave a message saying he had been kept late and couldn't make it.

Darkness had masked the dale when he cycled back to Hollinstead. He was glad of it.

HE was glad, too, that farm work could never stop, even for the sake of a man's self-pity. On Sunday there was less to do than weekdays. But he would find more. It would help.

Carrying the last two buckets of milk across to the dairy, he glanced round and saw Peggy Vallance hurrying over to him.

He dumped the buckets, conjured up a silly grin. She came right up to him and looked into his eyes, and said: "When I got that message last night I was angry. I thought you'd let me down. Of course, I never dreamed the truth."

"How's Rex?"

"Doing splendidly, thanks to you. Why didn't you let me know about him?"

He looked over her shoulder. "Reckon it might have upset your evening. It would have been a shame."

"It didn't seem to upset Dick's jaunt to Lancaster. And what about you? Were you disappointed?"

Somehow her eyes refused to allow anything but the truth. In the effort to be controlled his voice sounded jerky, half-strangled.

"I've never wanted anything so much in my life," he said. "Never."

"Yet you put Rex first."

"He's yours," he mumbled.

Her hand was on his shoulder. "There aren't many of your kind in this world," she said.

He blinked and shrugged.

"It makes me like Dick a good deal less. Do look at me, Jim. Do help!"

"What d'ye mean?" he said huskily.

"If I take a partnership, I shan't want to live with them at Greenbank. I'll want a place of my own. You're a genius with animals. You'd be a wonderful help."

He said more huskily: "But I'm untrained. I'd gladly be your assistant, but. . . ."

"Jim, I'm brazen. Is that all you want to be to me?"

At last, suddenly, happily, Jim was sure of her. "Lass," he said, "how about putting your brass plate on the gate of our farm?" THE END

© Dudley Hoys, 1958

LONELY ISLAND FIT FOR A QUEEN

The peaceful isle is Tresco, sub-tropical paradise in the Scillies, which the Queen is due to visit next week. Stanley Baron writes a colourful article on its people, customs and magnificent scenery

Sir Malcolm Sargent, Pin-up of the Proms

A revealing article about the dedicated dandy with a soft heart and a fresh carnation in his buttonhole, He likes to mingle in high society—and he's made music one of Britain's biggest draws

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

An expert in cliff rescues, Inspector Chamberlain points out the perils of the Avon Gorge to his three children

Chamberlain, then a sergeant, climbed to save two boys who were trapped on a ledge in the gorge

Watch on the cliffs of death

by JOHN BALLANTINE

Armed with a stout rope and nerves of steel, brave men save lives in Bristol's beautiful valley of doom

One evening last November a cyclist riding along the Portway in the Avon Gorge at Bristol was startled when something pitched from the sheer rock cliffs, towering three hundred feet above him, on to the road in front of his bicycle.

Dismounting, the cyclist found a rucksack bound with climbing rope. Inside was a message from a Bristol University student saying that he was injured and stranded on the cliff and needed help.

Riding to the nearest telephone box, the cyclist dialled 999. Within fifteen minutes, Inspector Joe Chamberlain, a heavily built police officer of forty-three who specializes in cliff rescue work, arrived by patrol car.

In the darkness Chamberlain was lowered by a rope on a winch, taking with him a collapsible cane stretcher on another rope. Fifty feet down on a narrow ledge he found the climber, who had been injured by a fall. Strapping the stretcher round the student like a straitjacket, Chamberlain guided him back up the cliff.

The operation took forty minutes and was carried out with the speed and efficiency which makes many police rescues in Avon Gorge seem routine affairs.

The gorge, which runs close to the centre of Bristol, a city of nearly half a million people, is one of Britain's finest beauty spots. But the dangerous two-mile stretch from Clifton Suspension Bridge, along Clifton Downs to the Sea Walls, from where the Severn estuary at Avonmouth can be viewed, has a fatal fascination for daredevils, suicides, schoolboys, climbers and visitors who have started up the easier paths to admire the views and got into difficulties.

Since November, 1954, Bristol police have recovered the bodies of eight people who have jumped off the cliffs, and have rescued six climbers injured on organized climbs. In February this year a student fell a hundred feet down the cliffs and spent months in hospital with a fractured skull.

The number of people who have died by accident or design in the gorge will never be known. "They must run into hundreds," says Superintendent Charles Wallis, who, before leaving Bristol three years ago, made some of the most daring rescues.

In 1949 Wallis, who is now forty-seven and deputy commandant of a police training centre in Staffordshire, went down the cliff in response to a call from schoolboys and, in a hidden gully, discovered two skeletons, one on top of the other. "Laboratory tests proved that the suicides had jumped at different times and, by a freak, landed on exactly the same spot," says Wallis.

People were getting into trouble in Avon Gorge long before the advent of modern rescue methods. The fame of the gorge, which separates Gloucestershire and Somerset and is six miles from Avonmouth, spread after the building, completed in 1864, of Clifton Suspension Bridge, the 702 feet long masterpiece of Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the Portsmouth-born engineer.

Like Niagara Bridge, Clifton Bridge stands 245 feet above high water, which is forty-five feet higher than San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge and 145 feet higher than the Menai Bridge.

All 760 men in Bristol's police force receive

Continued on page 30

The Rainbow and the Rose

by NEVIL SHUTE

It was a strange and terrible dream—of another man's failed marriage, of his humiliation and defeat. Here in Johnnie Pascoe's bed, in his house by the little Tasmanian airfield, I had dreamed that I was Johnnie Pascoe, forty years before. . . .

Meanwhile Pascoe lay with a fractured skull in a remote homestead down the wild coast. He had crashed during a mercy flight to a sick child. I was here in Buxton to save him if I could; to fly a doctor in to him. Already, with young Dr. Turnbull, I had tried twice, and failed. And then the weather clamped down.

My name is Clarke; I'm an airline pilot on the Sydney-Melbourne run. It was Pascoe who taught me to fly, nearly thirty years ago, at Duffington in the English Midlands. At Duffington, too, he had taught Brenda Marshall—whose photograph was among his souvenirs here.

And there were photographs of Judy . . . Judy Lester, the musical comedy star, who married him when he was an R.F.C. pilot, desperately brave, desperately young. Judy, who gave him a daughter. Judy, who left him when her Hollywood contract arrived.

It was of Johnnie Pascoe's life with Judy that I dreamed that evening. And when I woke up, my face and Johnnie Pascoe's pillow were all wet with tears. . . .

PART THREE

Miss Dawson's Mission

At about nine o'clock I got out of bed and went into the other room. I had slept for about four hours. The fire was still glowing in the hearth; I poked the logs together and threw on more wood. The wind was still high, but the rain seemed to have stopped.

I glanced at the photographs of Judy. Since I had slept she had become very real to me, far more than a monochrome image on a fading bit of sensitized paper. I knew the way she turned her head, the feel of her against me.

My imagination had been running wild in my dreams, and that was not a very good thing. When a pilot gets to a certain age, I thought, he should begin to live a very regular sort of a life—get up at the same time, go to bed at the same time, work at the same time each day. I had departed from my regularity in the last couple of days, and I had received the warning. Still, nobody knew of it but me.

I picked up the telephone and rang the police station. The sergeant answered. "Captain Clarke here," I said. "What's the latest on the weather?"

The sergeant said: "Well, the wind's dropping, so they say. They think there might be a break tomorrow evening, and a fine night."

"What about Captain Pascoe?"

"He's still alive, but he's worse."

"Where's Doctor Parkinson?"

"He's at the hotel, with his pilot. If I may say so, Doctor Turnbull is the one you want."

"Why? Doctor Parkinson flew up here from Hobart specially to do this job."

"I know. But now he's here, he don't seem so keen. Turnbull, he's roaring to go."

I laughed shortly. "I thought I'd have given him a sickener of flying."

"I don't know about that," the sergeant said. "He was telling them in the hotel what you'd been doing. It's Doctor Turnbull wants to go with you again. He's got a nurse, too."

"A nurse?" I thought very quickly. A nurse was what the doctor had wanted with him for a head operation. If there were a nurse, I ought to take her in with the doctor. "Where did he get a nurse from?"

"She arrived about seven o'clock. Friend of Captain Pascoe, or something. She's a qualified hospital nurse all right. Works at the Alexandra Hospital, in Melbourne. A Sister Dawson."

I thought for a moment. "Look, it starts to get light about seven. I want the Auster refuelled and ready to take off at six o'clock in the morning. I'll be down at the hangar then. If it's a reasonable night, I'll take off in the dark and get down to the Lewis River about dawn, with the doctor and the nurse with me."

"Will you be speaking to Doctor Parkinson, sir?"

I hesitated. "I suppose I ought to. But you say he doesn't want to do this job? Is it that he doesn't want to fly with me?"

The sergeant laughed awkwardly. "Well, that's about the strength of it, I'm afraid. I was off duty after dinner and I went into the hotel to meet these gentlemen and have a beer. While I was with them, Doctor Turnbull came in and told them about the first flight you made when he couldn't get out of the door, and about the second time when you was messing about in the rain in among the cliffs. Doctor Parkinson and his pilot, they got quite upset at what he told them."

"What did Doctor Turnbull think about it all?" I asked.

"He came out on your side," the sergeant said. "Doctor Parkinson said he'd prefer to fly with Mr. Barnes, who flew him up from Hobart. Doctor Turnbull turned round and told them what he thought. Said he'd fly with you again. Said it was reasonable to take a chance when somebody was dying. The two doctors had a proper dust-up. All very quiet and polite, you know. But very awkward."

I thought about it for a minute. "We'll have to take turns with this Auster," I said at last. "If you should see Doctor Parkinson tonight, tell him what we're doing, and that we'll be back by breakfast time if we can't make it. Phil Barnes can have the Auster then and have another stab at it with Doctor Parkinson in daylight, while we're resting. That way we'll have another doctor and another pilot trying to get through. We'll take it in turns all day tomorrow."

"That's a good idea," the sergeant said. "If I don't see you before you go, sir, the very best of luck."

I rang off and stood thoughtful for a minute while the line cleared. His first experience of flying seemed to have done Dr. Turnbull a bit of good.

I rang him and told him what I planned to do.

"The nurse is here with me now," Turnbull said. "We've been talking about this already. She's quite ready to try it."

"Fine. Tell me, how did you get hold of her?"

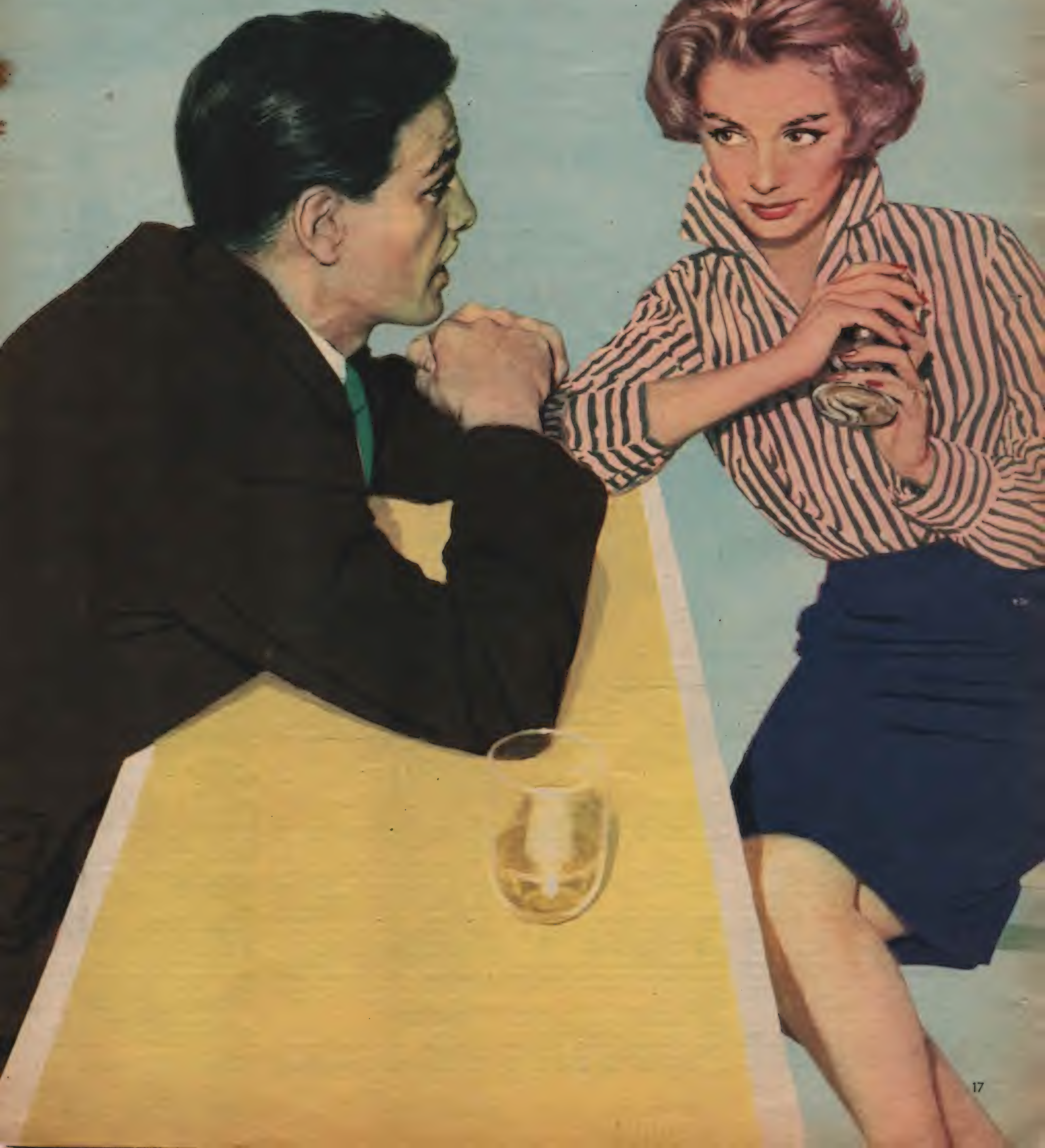
"She just turned up to see if she could help. She knows Captain Pascoe. She worked for a year as an air hostess for AusCan, flying between Sydney and Vancouver. She met him then."

"Well, she couldn't have turned up at a better time."

"One thing," he said. "I'm having a bit of

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Johnnie's love for Brenda grew warmer, deeper. She had charm, vivacity . . . and a husband



trouble finding somewhere for her to sleep tonight. Have you got a spare bed in Captain Pascoe's house if I bring her down?"

I hesitated. "That'll be all right," I said at last. "The thing is—it's rather important that I should be on the top line tomorrow morning and I want to get a really good night's sleep. I'm going to take a Nembutal. When you come in, try not to make a noise."

I rang off and stood for a moment looking round the room. I was wakeful and thirsty. I went through to the kitchen and came back to the living-room with a glass of cold milk and a couple of biscuits.

Cold milk. Cold milk at a party. Ice-cold milk with crème de menthe. What bell did that ring in the distant past? Something to do with flying certainly—but what? Ice-cold milk and crème de menthe. What pilot had that been?

AND then it all came flooding back into my memory, the inquest that the coroner, my father, had held on Brenda Marshall after she died in the hangar of the club. Me, sitting in the body of the court and Johnnie Pascoe on the witness stand, and Dad asking him questions about the accident. "Have you any reason to suppose that the deceased had taken any alcoholic liquor before she went up on this flight?" And Johnnie Pascoe answering: "No, sir. As a general rule she never drank anything but cold milk in the clubhouse. Sometimes in the evening at a party she would drink a crème de menthe, but I never saw her do that before flying." Johnnie Pascoe on the witness stand, the pilot instructor, bronzed and athletic, very grave and serious.

Brenda Marshall.

I crossed the room and stood looking at her photograph again, immersed in memories. It must have been taken in 1930 or 1931, about the time I learned to fly. I remembered the Moth behind her in the photograph so well. She had it painted white, and because the registration letters were G-EMLF she called it Morgan le Fay.

Johnnie Pascoe had taught her to fly in 1930, the year before he taught me. Brenda Marshall, with her short, curly hair, her shy and friendly smile, her white flying suit, her Moth. Brenda Marshall, who was kind to everyone, who made a home for her sister's baby when her sister had to go to India with her husband. Brenda Marshall, who had had bad luck with her husband. Brenda Marshall, the first woman I was ever in love with, though I was eighteen and she nearly thirty.

I blew a long cloud of smoke as I stood looking at the photograph twenty-eight years later. At that time and for some years afterwards it seemed to me that Dad had never been so stupid. He could be very dense sometimes. Before the inquest I had told him that the accident needed a good deal of sifting and investigation; she had got into a spin at six or seven hundred feet right over the middle of the aerodrome, and that just didn't happen to an experienced pilot.

But Dad had been pig-headed and legal that day, and had refused to listen to me. He just said that she must have fainted.

He had taken that line at the inquest, too. In the end, he shuffled his papers together and announced that, after a full investigation of this very sad affair, he found that the deceased had met her death by accidental causes in a flying accident.

Soon after that Johnnie Pascoe left Duffington to take a job with Imperial Airways in India and the club got another pilot instructor. Her mother went away and took the baby with her but it died a short time later, somebody told me. Within six months there was another tragedy at Duffington when Derek Marshall, who had had shell-shock in the war and had been in and out of hospital ever since, got himself involved in a particularly unpleasant case of rape and blew his head off with a shot gun.

It was years before it gradually occurred to me that possibly Dad hadn't been so stupid after all. But he was dead by that time, and I never had a chance to verify my hunch.

The cold milk was beginning to work and I was feeling more relaxed. I stubbed out my cigarette and went into the bedroom, glass in hand, and found the little bottle of hypnotic pills in my haversack, and swallowed one down with a mouthful of milk. The time was half past nine.

Johnnie Pascoe, I thought, must know much more about Brenda Marshall than I did, because I had seen him kissing her in the half-light late one evening in the hangar, behind the Blackburn Bluebird.

It hurt a bit to see him kissing her, although I was able to laugh at myself, for she was nearly thirty and a married woman, and I was only just eighteen. But they both looked so happy I was glad for them, and, after all, her husband had been in the loony-bin for years.

I stood there now, wondering whether the baby had been Johnnie's, the one that died. When I was eighteen it never entered my head. But now I wondered. . . .

Presently I finished my glass of his milk, went back sleepily into his bedroom, threw off his dressing-gown, and got back into his bed. The Nembutal was beginning to work, and I was drowsy. The time was about twenty minutes to ten. His travelling alarm clock was on his bedside table by my side; I reached out for it and set it for five o'clock. With any luck I could get to sleep before the doctor brought the nurse into the house, and I settled down upon his pillows.

Twenty-eight years later, the wheel had come round full circle for Johnnie Pascoe. He was now a pilot instructor at a little flying club again, teaching young men and women how to fly an Auster or a Tiger Moth. Successive waves of sleep were passing over me and sinking me down into forgetfulness of present things, and as I went I wondered if he had ever had another pupil such as Brenda Marshall. I knew how it had happened; it was all as clear as if it had been yesterday. . . .

SHE lived with her mother in the big house at the entrance to the village, and she drove an Alvis sports saloon.

For a year after I arrived in Duffington I saw nothing of her. I knew the Marshalls' car and I knew who she was by sight, and I had heard that her husband was in some hospital. It was a surprise to me when the Alvis drew up outside the hangar one bleak morning in January and she got out.

She came towards me. "It's Captain Pascoe, isn't it?" she said. "I'm Mrs. Marshall. I felt I must come down here and see what's going on. After all, we're such near neighbours."

"I'd like to show you everything there is to see," I said. She was rather pale, and she did not look well.

"We get quite a crowd here at the weekends," I said. "It gets to be a bit of a riot sometimes, I'm afraid, but we do our best to keep things under control. Everybody's fairly young, you see. Still, I got the lord mayor as a member last week and the chief constable the week before, so they can't think too badly of us."

"Could you teach me to fly?" she asked.

"Of course, Mrs. Marshall. Would you like to learn?"

Her eyes sparkled. "It would be marvellous! But I thought I'd be too old."

I smiled. "You must be under thirty, surely."

She nodded. "That wouldn't be too old?"

"Of course not. Your heart's all right? There's nothing the matter with you? It doesn't look as if there is."

She laughed and blushed a little. "I think I'm quite all right."

I showed her one of the machines, and she sat in the cockpit. Presently she made an appointment for a lesson the next day.

It was sunny and cold next morning, with a touch of frost in the air and not much wind. She wanted to see her home, Duffington Manor, from the air, so we did a circuit over that. She got on all right, and at the end of half an hour I took over the control and told her we were going in to land.

She said: "Before we land, do you think we could loop the loop?"

I was surprised. "We'll get a little bit more height first," I said. As we climbed I made her check her safety belt. Then I dived the thing a bit and sailed it over in a loop. When we were flying level again I twisted round to look at her, and she was flushed and laughing. "That was marvellous!" she said.

When she was on the ground she said: "I don't know when I enjoyed anything so much. How long were we up for?"

"Half an hour," I said. "That's enough for one lesson." She was flushed and bright-eyed, looking ten times better than she had the day before.

She made an appointment for another lesson next morning, at the same time. Then she got into the Alvis and drove off, still bright and excited, and looking very pretty. That afternoon it was sunny, and Colonel Chance, the chief constable, came out for a lesson. When he landed we stood smoking outside the hangar for a few minutes.

"I got a new member yesterday," I told him. "Mrs. Marshall joined. She had her first lesson this morning."

"Mrs. Derek Marshall?" he asked. "From the Manor?"

"That's right."

He smiled. "How did she do?"

"All right. She might make a good pilot."

He stood thoughtful behind bushy grey eyebrows, the short, clipped, grey moustache. "I should think she might. She drives that car too fast, but she drives quite well. Pity about her husband."

"He's in some kind of hospital, isn't he?"

He said shortly: "He's in The Haven."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't know." The Haven was a very expensive private home exclusively for mental cases, on the outskirts of Leacaster.

"Is he in there permanently?" I asked.

"I think so. He's certified now, anyway. They keep on trying every new thing, of course." He drew on his cigarette, and then he said: "She's had a time with him."

I was grateful to him for telling me. It's better to know the scandal about members and then one can avoid saying the wrong thing.

"They must be pretty well off," I said.

"Wool spinners," he replied. "Marshall and Collins. They've got a big mill in Halifax. His brothers run the business."

I wrinkled my brows; now was the time to find out everything I ought to know. "Who's the old lady—Mrs. Duclos—that lives at the Manor?"

"That's her mother," he told me.

"Are there any children?"

He shot a glance at me. "Children? Oh, no. I suppose they had more sense. . . ."

She went solo early in March. "Take

IN SHORT

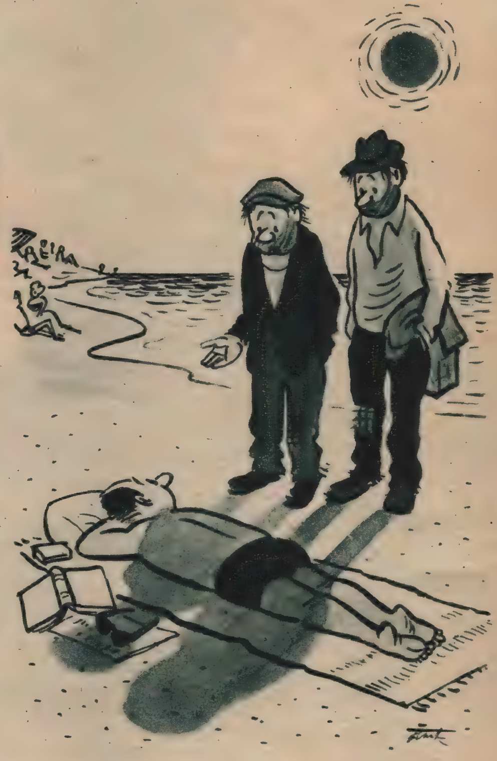
Corresponding Emotions

Old letters I've not seen for years,
  Retrieved from deep in attic chest,
Stir up old feelings—hopes and fears
  And loves—that long had been at rest.

Old letters, until now unsought,
  All yellowed, faded, corners bent.
My heart grows warm from those I got,
  My cheeks grow warm from those I sent.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Starke's
Holiday
Guide
Book



"Before you settle down to serious sunbathing collect your glasses, book, papers and small change to meet odd expenses"

Summing Up

. . . Members of the jury, I must now remind you of the evidence of the bus driver, Mr. Salt. He told us that the prisoner was, in his judgement, driving at well over sixty miles an hour and that he was on the wrong side of the road and swerving wildly.

You must compare this with the prisoner's evidence that he was going so slowly his engine kept stalling. The prisoner's passenger, Miss Daisy Hair, told us that she had, in fact, complained of the excessive deliberation with which he was driving and that she had complained of the closeness with which he hugged the kerb on his own side.

Mr. Salt also told us that instead of keeping his attention on the road the prisoner appeared to be tickling Miss Hair. The prisoner said that he was removing a spider from her garments and Miss Hair swore that she was in deadly fear of spiders and that what other witnesses described as her laughter was, in fact, terror.

Now let me read you a passage from the evidence of Mr. Fork, a passenger in the bus, who, you will remember, insisted that at the moment of impact there was a cow on the road, though this was not noticed by other witnesses. . . .

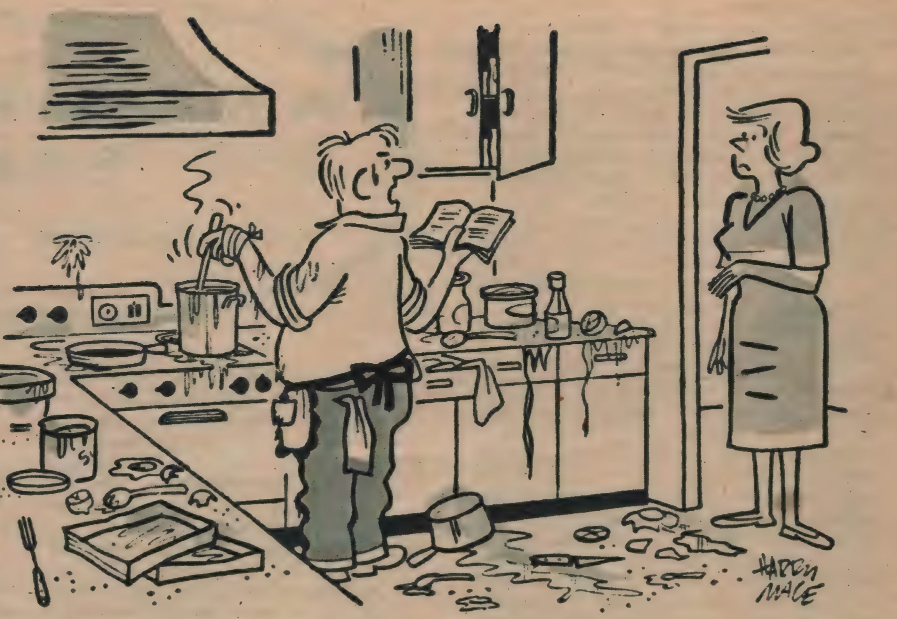
R. G. G. PRICE

Foreign Affairs

As a part of their science lessons, two Toronto high school girls conducted a diet experiment. They gave one white rat a scientifically balanced diet, the other a typically teenage fare of hamburgers, pickles and sweets. The "teenage" rat is thriving. The other has died.

Maurizio Pesce incurred an on-the-spot fine of four hundred lire (about 4s. 6d.) at Acqui, near Turin. He had sounded a motor-car horn too loudly. His father paid the fine—Maurizio, aged nineteen months, had no money.

Jessie, a young emu at a Melbourne bird sanctuary, began sitting on an egg which she had unearthed. When it did not hatch a keeper investigated. He found that it was a fully primed hand grenade.



"Not yet! Not yet! I'll call you when it's finished"

Bargains For All

These weekend bargains in the newspapers fascinate me. So much ex-Service stuff. How do you think I would look in a high-ranking Wren officer's divided skirt?

I just can't see it somehow. Personally I could use some naval officers' shorts for the holidays.

Just *look* at this: high-ranking officers' long underpants. Did they really wear things like that?

I don't know. I wasn't high-ranking enough.

Well, you were always debagging each other in the mess, weren't you?

You're thinking of the air force. And I don't expect they ever debagged anybody much higher than group captain.

I suppose generals wear these long pants, too. You know, the Trooping is never going to be the same for me any more.

I can tell you what they gave us when we were in the ranks—drawers, woollen, winter, long.

They must have been wonderful.

Actually, the A.T.S. wore them, too, on gun sites.

How simply awful!

Not at all. They were tickled pink.

I'm quite sure they were. . . . I see they're offering naval officers' pyjamas, too.

High-ranking officers?

It doesn't say. I should imagine admirals wear nightshirts.

Well, they never gave us pyjamas or nightshirts. We just——

Don't tell me. You slept in your drawers, woollen, winter, long.

Correct. Now let's forget it. Look, there's something you could buy me for my birthday—a pair of high-ranking German naval officers' binoculars.

I wonder if high-ranking German naval officers wore long woolly pants?

There you go again! I'm quite sure they did.

Anyway, what's happened to all those electrically heated flying suits?

For goodness sake, who wants one of those?

Well, if you had one in the winter you could always go away and plug yourself in somewhere while the children and I look at *This Is Your Life.*

E. S. TURNER

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your time," I said. "Do a circuit or two at a thousand feet till you feel comfortable, and then bring her in to land. If you feel quite comfortable after the first landing, do another one. If you're not quite happy, bring her in and we'll do a bit more together. Okay?"

She nodded and smiled at me. "Don't get heart failure. . . ."

I grinned at her. "I shan't do that."

She climbed away straight from the aerodrome till she was at about seven hundred feet, then levelled off and did a wide turn to the left. She flew back over the aerodrome and did a couple of steeper turns, and by that time I knew that she was gaining confidence. Then she went over downwind and commenced the gliding turns that would bring her close up to the hedge. She came in rather high but carried on and touched down about the middle of the aerodrome, bounced two or three times, and came to rest. I saw her looking towards me and I signalled to her to go on and do another.

When she taxied the machine into the hangar she was flushed and excited.

She pulled her helmet off. "It was marvellous," she said. "The first one was a rotten landing, I'm afraid."

"It wasn't too bad," I told her. "The second one was better. It'll all come right with a bit of practice."

She nodded and got out of the machine. And then she turned to me and said, quite seriously: "I don't really know how to say what I'm feeling, Captain Pascoe. But I do want thank you for all you've done in teaching me. I felt so *safe.*"

I laughed. "I'm glad of that, Mrs. Marshall. It's what I'm here for, after all."

"I know," she said. "But there are ways and ways of doing things." And then she said: "If I come out again this afternoon, could I have another go?"

"Of course," I said. "It would be a very good thing."

After that I started in to teach her navigation. Then one day she said she'd been thinking seriously of buying her own aeroplane. It was something we had discussed before.

"Airwork usually have a few second-hand Moths," I said. "Would you like me to ring up Parkes and find out what's available?"

Her eyes fairly danced. I got through to Parkes and he told me that they had a machine that would suit her; it was in the shop for its C. of A. inspection and would be finished in about a week.

By my elbow she said urgently: "Ask him if I can have it painted any colour I like."

"What colour do you want?"

"White," she said. "White, with red registration letters and a red leather seat."

"Take a lot of keeping clean."

"Never mind. Ask him."

I did so. "He says that's all right, but it'll cost you a bit more."

"I don't mind that. When do you think we could go down and see it?"

I thought for a moment. "Monday?"

"But that's your day off."

"I'm not doing anything particular. We could fly down on Monday."

"That would be marvellous," she breathed.

We flew down to Heston on the Monday morning, about a two-hour flight. The Moth was all dismantled in the workshops, and that gave me a chance to have a good look at the condition of the structure. It was quite all right. We went into the office and dealt with the questions of the extras, her red leather seat and the turn and bank indicator that I made her have, and she wrote a cheque and paid it over there and then. We went over to the restaurant for lunch.

Colin Hicks was there, the chief pilot. I introduced her to him and he offered us a drink; as we were flying back I had a ginger ale and she had her glass of milk. I told him that she had just bought a Moth from the firm, and he asked the registration. When I told him, he said: "Major Struther's old Moth. That's a good machine. He sold it because he was posted out to India."

He turned to her. "We're having a rally at La Baule in June with the Aero Club de Paris," he said. "You must come to that. Your Moth knows the way—it was there last year."

"I'll have to think it over," she said. "I'm not very experienced yet."

We went to our table for lunch. Between courses she sat staring out over the aerodrome, immersed in her thoughts. Presently I asked: "Happy?"

She turned to me. "Terribly."

"It's fun having something new," I said. "A new car's just the same."

She nodded. "It's not only that. It'll be terribly exciting having the Moth, but it's—it's going to places. You see," she said, "I've never been anywhere, hardly. And now, to go to France for the first time, and fly there by myself in my own aeroplane—it's incredible. I don't know that I'll ever have the courage to do it, and I know that I'll regret it all my life if I don't."

She sat thoughtful for a time, and then she said: "What were the registration letters, again?"

I told her. "G-EMLF."

"MLF," she said. "Morgan le Fay. That's what I'm going to call her."

"Who was Morgan le Fay?"

"An enchantress — King Arthur's sister. She's enchanted me already."

"Morgan le Fay," I repeated. "It's not a bad name for an aeroplane. Would you like to have it painted on the nose?"

Her eyes danced. "That would be lovely. Could we have that done?"

"Of course."

When we landed back at Duffington in the late afternoon she said, a little diffidently: "Would you care to come and have dinner at the Manor? It's not very exciting, I'm afraid—it'll be just Mother and me."

I said: "That's very kind of you. I'd love to come. What time?"

"Seven o'clock? We usually have

dinner about seven thirty . . ."

I walked up to the Manor that evening newly shaved and in my best grey suit. A maid in a white starched apron opened the door to me and showed me into the drawing-room. Mrs. Marshall and her mother got up to welcome me and I was introduced to the mother, Mrs. Duclos.

I knew her by sight, though we had never spoken. She offered me a drink and I chose sherry.

"Brenda tells me that she bought an aeroplane," the old lady said.

I smiled. "She did." And then I asked, "Do you approve?"

She gave a sort of snort. "It wouldn't make much odds if I approved or not. But—yes, I approve. So long as she doesn't go and kill herself in it."

My pupil came back with the drinks, and we talked about the new aeroplane and the club members. Presently we went into dinner, very well served with silver gleaming on a polished oak table, the maid who had opened the door waiting on us. After dinner we went back to the drawing-room for coffee, and presently I said: "They tell me you're a fine pianist, Mrs. Marshall. Would you play something for me?"

She laughed a little awkwardly. "I'm not as good as that."

"I'd like it if you would."

Mrs. Duclos got up fom her chair. "If Brenda's going to play I'm going to write some letters." I got up. "If I don't see you again, Captain Pascoe, I'll say good night. Come again and cheer us up."

"I'd like to do that," I said.

I opened the door for her, and Brenda crossed over to the piano.

"Not too classical," I said, "and not too lowbrow. Something about ten per cent better than tea-room music." She laughed. "But you play what you want to."

She sat down at the piano and began to play a cheerful little melody that she told me was a Hungarian dance by Brahms, and then bits of Chopin and Tchaikovsky. She played beautifully. She went on for over an hour, and finished with a spirited and brilliant rendering of "Sur le pont d'Avignon."

"That was perfectly delightful," I said. "That's made my day."

"Has it? I'm so glad, because you've made mine. Let me get you a drink."

SHE poured me out a drink and gave it to me, and then gave herself one. She sat down with me by the fire. Presently she said: "I want to tell you about my husband."

"Don't if it's upsetting," I replied. "I know a certain amount already."

She nodded. "I suppose you must. I suppose everybody in the village knows about it. He's in The Haven."

"I know. I'm very sorry."

She nodded. "It's an illness, just like any other illness, really. Only he has to stay in hospital, whether he's well or ill. I go and see him twice a week. That's why I go on living here."

"They tell me it's a very good place."

"The best in the country for this sort of thing. Doctor Baddeley—he's awfully good. People come to him from all over the world."

"Your husband's been there for some time, hasn't he?"

She nodded. "For nearly three years. There was a court case. . . ."

"Bad luck," I said.

"Yes. But it's the sort of thing that happens, and you've just got to make the best of it."

I asked, "Is there any chance of a cure?"

She took up the poker and scraped a little ash from the surround of the glowing fire. "I don't know. It's not very easy to be optimistic," she said. "We've had so many disappointments. Doctor Baddeley says now that he'd want to keep him certified and in The Haven for two years after any new treatment, to make sure. You see, when he was out before there was—well, trouble."

I nodded. "How do you feel about it all, yourself?" I asked. "Could you get a divorce, if you wanted to?"

She shook her head. "There's no grounds for a divorce." She was silent for a moment, and then she said. "Even if that were possible, I don't know that I'd ever want to do it. I'd hate myself if I ran out on Derek while he's sick."

After that we sat talking about flying until it was time for me to go back to the inn where I lived. She was too attractive, and I was too lonely. "I must go," I said. "Thank you for a perfectly delightful evening."

"Thank you for a perfectly delightful day," she said.

She came with me to the door and I walked down the drive and out on to the moonlit road that led a few hundred yards into the village. I didn't sleep that night for thinking about her.

She flew most days that week in the club machines, and then came the great day when her Moth arrived. They had made a very good job of it, and it looked like a new aircraft. She signed a delivery note, and then drove the pilot who had delivered it to the station in the Alvis, while she was away I had Morgan le Fay refuelled and made a bit of an inspection myself with the ground engineer. When she came back in haste from Leacaster, it was all ready for her to fly.

I went into the office and stood watching from the window as she took off, a little depressed. This was the end of two months that had meant a lot to me; from now onwards she would be flying as a pilot in her own machine. She had no need of further dual from me.

She flew it for some time, came in for a quick lunch of a sandwich and a cup of tea in the club, and flew it again. Then she brought the three log books into the office and I showed her how to write them up.

WE bent together over the books, her head close to mine. "Paris, Dijon, Cannes," she breathed. "And look—here's Avignon, where the *pont* is. She's been everywhere. Milano, Venezia—she's been to Venice." She turned the pages. "Le Touquet, Dinard, La Baule . . ." She raised her head, and I moved back a little. She said, "I'll have to go to some of these places this summer. I mean, it would be letting her down if I just stuck in England."

I smiled. "I should start in now and put in time on her for the next month. How many hours solo have you done?"

"Fourteen," she said.

"La Baule in June would be an easy first trip on the Continent," I said. "That gives you two months."

She came every day to the aerodrome in April, and flew her Moth whenever the weather was fit to fly. She got into the habit of coming to the office for a cup of tea with me if I wasn't up after she had done her flying for the day, and twice she asked me up to dinner at the Manor.

I told her about my marriage to Judy, but we talked no more about her husband; apparently she was satisfied with having told me what the position was. Once she brought her mother down to the aerodrome and we put the old lady in the front seat of Morgan le Fay and her daughter took her up for a short flight. Young Ronnie Clarke, of course, would fly with anyone, and she took him up two or three times. Towards the end of the month she was doing cross-country flights on her own.

LATE one afternoon when it was raining cats and dogs and she had flown to Cambridge, she rang me up. "Johnnie," she said. "I'm at Peterborough, on the aerodrome. I started back and it began to rain, so I put down here. What's it like with you?"

"Horrible," I told her. "Looks as if it's set in for the evening. I wouldn't try to fly back here tonight. I should get into a hotel."

"I ought to get back," she said. "I'm seeing Derek in the morning. I think I'll have to try and hire a car."

"Would you like me to drive down and fetch you in the Alvis?" I asked.

"It's eighty miles," she said.

"That's all right," I said. "I'll start right away, and be with you about half past six. Can you get Morgan into a hangar?"

"I don't think so. She'll have to stay out in the open."

"I'll bring down some screw pickets and your engine and cockpit covers."

"Oh, thank you. And Johnnie, would you bring my raincoat and my skirt? They're hanging in the ladies' room. Then we can have dinner somewhere before driving home."

It was dark by the time I got to Peterborough, and raining harder than ever. I found her waiting for me in a sort of barn on the aerodrome: she had taxied her Moth into the lee of a shed and covered the cockpit insecurely with a couple of sacks. She was very wet, and very glad to see me. We put on the cockpit and the engine covers and folded the wings and picketed the machine down; while I finished off the job she took off her overall in the back of the barn and got into her skirt and coat.

"Let's go somewhere where we can have a drink," she said.

"What about the Dog and Duck at Thorganby?" I suggested. "We can get a meal there, and it's seven miles on the way home."

"Anywhere," she said, "so long as it's somewhere warm."

We pulled into the yard of the Dog and Duck ten minutes later and ran in through the rain. While Brenda was tidying herself up I ordered a meal.

"Ham and eggs and cold blackberry pie," I said when she appeared. "That all right? They're going to let us have it on a table here, in front of the fire."

"Oh, lovely!"

"I said we'd like to have it in about half an hour. Would you like a hot rum toddy, with some lemon in it?"

"Oh, Johnnie!"

Behind the bar the landlord nodded, and went out and fetched a very big, black kettle and put it on the fire, where it began to sing. We had a toddy and felt better, so we had another one, and then because the kettle was there boiling we had a third. Then it seemed time for some blotting paper and we had our meal in front of the fire. And finally we had another hot rum toddy for the road.

It was fine and very dark when we went out into the yard to find the car, and much colder than the saloon bar. We had had too many rum toddies, of course, and the sudden change of temperature made my head swim a little. She was affected, too, because in the darkness she stumbled on the uneven paving and I caught her arm, and then she was in my arms and I was kissing her and she was kissing me in return.

We stayed like that for a minute and then she said quietly, "This is very bad."

To be continued next week

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A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by Sir Alan Herbert

BEFORE the war I often took my wife and family for short holidays near Varengeville, a French coastal village about six miles from Dieppe. We always stayed at a small hotel on the cliffs run by a Monsieur Pellouard and his wife.

When the Germans occupied France we lost touch with the Pellouards, but a few weeks after D-day I was in Dieppe and determined to find out what had happened to them. I borrowed a jeep and set off. The hotel had been damaged in the Dieppe affair and was surrounded by minefields. But I learned that the family had escaped to a house in the woods behind the village.

I shall always remember the welcome I received when I found the house. Madame Pellouard, looking older and more tired than when I last saw her, greeted me at the door. Father and daughter were called immediately, everybody kissed everybody else, and we drank each other's health over and over again in champagne. Then Madame Pellouard went into the kitchen to prepare a meal.

Nearly two hours later she returned to announce that a snack was ready. The snack was probably the best meal I had eaten since I last sat at her table. We had *potage bisque*, a fish soup made from shrimps and flavoured with brandy and wine.

This was followed by calf's liver cooked in wine and flavoured with cognac. The meal finished with coffee and the last of the brandy. With the brandy we drank to the war's speedy ending.

For me that celebration was one of the few pleasurable highlights of those long years of war.

How to cook Potage Bisque

Ingredients. 3 tablespoons butter, 1 sliced onion, 1 chopped leek, 1 sliced carrot, 1 chopped stalk of celery, sprig of thyme, bay leaf, 2 teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper, 2 cups cleaned cooked shrimps or meat of 1 small lobster, ½ cup cognac, 2 tumblers white wine, 2 tumblers hot water, 1 cup boiled rice, 2 tablespoons cream, 2 beaten egg yolks.

Melt one tablespoon of butter in a heavy saucepan. Add onion, leek, carrot and celery, and brown lightly for about three minutes. Add herbs, seasoning and the shrimps or lobster. Shake pan over moderate heat for about five minutes until all is well mixed. Add half the cognac, all the wine and water. Cover the saucepan and let simmer for fifteen minutes. Lift out the fish, and mince. Return the fish to the saucepan. Add the rice.

Cook for about five minutes and put everything through a strainer. Return to saucepan and cook slowly for an hour until the soup has thickened like cream.

Remove the saucepan from heat. Add butter, cream, egg yolks and the remaining cognac. Reheat for two minutes and serve at once.

The Cathedral of St. Basil in the Red Square, Moscow, taken by Philip Harben on his visit to Russia.

PHILIP HARBEN took this picture with his Kodak Bantam 'COLORSNAP' camera

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A man on the moon?

Continued from page 9

first it would be wise to send out a whole series of exploratory rockets equipped with radio, television and electronic navigation systems.

Among the hazards which they would meet would be meteors hurtling through space, and cosmic radiation, which is so penetrating that it cannot be conquered merely by making the walls of the space ship thicker. Research is going on into chemicals which could be injected into spacemen to counteract the effects of the cosmic rays.

This field of experiment gives a typical example of the kind of development which makes space planning somewhat hazardous; the latest assessment of cosmic rays made by instruments in the satellites shows that they are about a hundred times as strong as scientists thought.

Much of this research, essential to human travel to the moon, is being carried out in any case. Once the problems have been solved, construction of the rocket could begin. It will probably look nothing like the missiles which would by then have established the space station. As there is no atmosphere between the jumping-off ground and the moon, there will be no need for it to be streamlined. It will probably remind us more of a flying bedstead than the conventional rocket.

It will consist essentially of a pressurized cabin for the crew, the rocket motors and large containers for enough fuel to lift it out of the earth's gravitational field and then to slow it down as it reaches the moon.

The trip to the moon from the space station would last for at least a few days. But before it starts, it would cost £100 million to bring the fuel up from earth and about £200 million to maintain the space station for a year. To these vast figures must be added the cost of the huge ground installations that will have to be built as a base.

The type of instrument used on both the rocket and the ground installation will have to be of an almost unparalleled accuracy. This part of the equipment alone will probably cost about £100 million a year. But as an insurance against mistakes alone this is a reasonable figure.

On the credit side we must take into account the unexpected advances which almost certainly cause seemingly insurmountable problems to melt away.

One advance which could simplify operations immensely would be the development of a nuclear-powered rocket. Nuclear fuel can give thousands of times more energy per unit weight than chemical fuels, so lessening the load. As yet it is impossible to forecast how long it will take to develop a working nuclear rocket, but it will be surprising if this research alone costs less than several £100 million.

Putting all these totals together, a rough estimate of the cost of sending a man to the moon and back would be £1,000 million. But we should not regard this as an investment which will not pay dividends.

Nearly always, scientific research in some vast project has the habit of leading to some unforeseen practical application which pays back the cost many times over.

THIS has already happened in the case of atomic energy. It is authoritatively estimated that by 1962 atomic science will be saving American industry over five thousand million dollars a year, roughly twice the annual total expenditure of the Atomic Energy Commission.

We can guess at some of the ways that a British space programme could save money. Satellites equipped with television cameras could make continuous surveys of cloud density, which would improve weather forecasting.

Equipped with radio relay apparatus, they could ensure continuous radio transmission between all points of the earth's surface. Mastery of rocket technique will open up a rapid new means of communication and transport.

Nevertheless, a moon programme would inevitably be a considerable drain on the resources of manpower and material of this country alone. It would be easier if the moon journey were planned in collaboration with other countries; just as European nations are now collaborating on high-energy nuclear research at a centre in Switzerland.

Sooner or later, probably within our lifetimes, the first man will set foot on the moon. We do not want to be mere spectators of this great adventure; we want to play a full part. Indeed, the question we should ask ourselves is: Can we afford *not* to put a man on the moon?

THE END

A Grandmother's Prayer

Preserve me, Lord, from basement
flats,
And sad fat cats,
And dead dead hats;
Avert my apprehensive gaze
From pills and swills and snacks on
trays;
And, since I am Reduced, O Lord,
From bills for frills I can't afford.

Let me not fret my daughters-in-law
With ancient saw
Nor half-sheathed claw,
Nor yet to one hold up the other
As the perfect wife and mother,
But my fingers keep to fitting
Bits of knitting, baby-sitting.

Don't let me give advice, much less
In public stress
Its uselessness.
However undeserved, O pray
Support the legend "Gran's okay";
And in my mirror make me see
Not what was Once, but Now, is me.

KATHLEEN RICHARDSON

Make wine country style

by ROBERT HOLLES

Brew-it-yourself drinkers toast each other in rose petals and rhubarb—at sixpence a pint

Fred Garrard and his wife filter orange wine—one of several types they make at their home at Welwyn

FOUR years ago, spry, bearded Fred Garrard and a few of his friends decided to form a wine-makers' guild at Welwyn Garden City, in Hertfordshire. "We were all bee-keepers who regularly made mead from our honey," he says, "and we wanted to expand our activities."

Support for the guild developed rapidly. More than sixty members attended the first monthly meeting. "Some of them didn't know a thing about wine-making," says Garrard, "and were anxious to learn, but the majority had done a little in the past and they brought along bottles of their own produce to prove it." As secretary, he had to sample the wines.

"The evening passed very convivially, if rather hazily," he says. "When everybody had gone home I found that I had lost the key to the premises where the meeting was held. A few days later it fell out of my umbrella."

Since then monthly meetings of the guild, which has a two-thirds majority of male members and includes doctors, a local bank manager, and a titled barrister, have been more restrained but equally enthusiastic.

Home wine-making has gained ground appreciably all over Britain since September, 1953, when sugar—one of the essential ingredients—was derationed. In the last four years, twelve wine-makers' societies have sprouted in the larger towns and cities of the south of England alone.

Many people have taken up wine-making for the first time; in the country villages, thousands of cottagers are practising the art again in the privacy of their cellars and sculleries.

Not all of them stick to traditional methods. One London firm which manufactures up-to-date wine-making equipment sells an average of eight thousand glass air-locks annually to customers who prefer to make their wines scientifically. The air-locks allow the fermentation gas to escape, while protecting the wine from air-pollution. A director of the firm says: "Many people refuse to believe that wine-making can be carried out inexpensively." He recently received a letter, from a beginner in Durham, containing £20 in banknotes and a request for a complete set of equipment. "I sent him a beginner's outfit costing thirty-five shillings and told him that this was all he could possibly need. Later he sent another twenty pounds and asked for something more advanced."

Home-made wines can be made with kitchen equipment for as little as sixpence a pint. Apart from sugar, water and yeast, the ingredients are familiar garden produce, or fruits and flowers from the hedgerows.

Most wines are made by adding water to the basic ingredient, crushing it, stirring and leaving the mixture to soak. The juice is then strained through muslin and sugar is added. When the sugar is dissolved, yeast is introduced. The yeast causes fermentation, turning the sugar content into alcohol and carbon dioxide gas, which is allowed to escape. After fermentation the wine clears, and is then siphoned off and stored until it reaches maturity.

Garrard, whose ancestors have made wine

Mrs. Daisy Kell, a housewife, drinks wine from a gourd at a meeting of the wine-makers' guild at Welwyn

JOHN BULL
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ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

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for as far back as he can remember, finds that newcomers to the art frequently make the mistake of exposing their wines for too long to harmful moulds, bacteria, and yeasts which exist in the atmosphere.

"It is often impossible to detect errors in wine except by tasting it," he says. "Quite often, while I am sampling the efforts of new members, I am compelled to smile encouragingly, then hurry away to spit in a bucket."

Fermenting wine must be kept at an even temperature of 60-65 deg. Fahrenheit, but one member tried to hasten the process by keeping a consignment of rhubarb wine in an airing cupboard. "After a short time it got overheated," says Garrard, "and the result was something which tasted like a cross between flat beer and cabbage water."

Some enthusiastic novices increase the prescribed amount of yeast in the hope that this will increase the alcoholic content of the wine. "The outcome," says Garrard, "is that the alcohol turns on the yeast and kills it before it has done its work." Others insist on using iron containers which darken their produce and give it a distinct metallic flavour.

Wines often turn vinegary when exposed to certain types of bacteria. "I've seen a few examples," says Garrard, "which could be used only for pickling."

One woman member of the guild showed him a crock of wine which had developed a green mould, almost an inch tall, on the surface. "I told her it might be useful on the garden."

The making of high quality wine requires care and patience. A member of a neighbouring village wine guild at Tewin, in Hertfordshire, not satisfied with the customary method of making a gallon at a time, filled an ancient, white-painted bath in his garden with a large part of his pear crop, crushed the fruit, and mixed it with water.

GRUMBLING—1

Isn't your life extremely flat
with nothing whatever to
grumble at?

W. S. Gilbert

Says the guild's organizer, Mrs. Ada Izzard: "In no time a considerable number of dead wasps and fallen leaves were added. Undeterred, he strained the juice through pillow cases hung from the trees into buckets underneath, and left it to ferment in his kitchen. He is now waiting for the result to mature, but nobody is anxious to sample the first bottle—when he removed the pulp from the bath, all the white paint had gone from the inside."

Errors are not all confined to beginners. Garrard, in bed one Sunday morning, was roused by a sharp explosion. Apprehensively he hurried downstairs, where he found his sitting-room strewn with fragments of a gallon stone jar, and running with mead. "I had left the jar lightly corked while it was still fermenting," he says, "in order to keep out the air. But the sticky residue from the fermentation had sealed the cork in tightly, and the gas pressure inside had built up until something had to give way."

Wines can be made from virtually any botanical product which is non-poisonous and possesses an attractive flavour and bouquet. One variety, bee-wine, which was introduced to Britain by soldiers returning from the Middle East after the first world war, is made by introducing a clump of yeast mixed with a lactic acid bacterium into a bottle of water fortified with brown sugar. The clump, which resembles a bee, rises and falls continually during fermentation, gradually increasing in size as the yeast cells multiply.

Before reaching maturity, country wines sometimes react to seasonal changes. Flower wines are reputed to become lively at the time of blossoming. Fruit and grain wines have been known to begin a secondary fermentation during the harvest season.

In 1953 Dr. Fred Beech, a research scientist employed in the cider and fruit juices section of the research station at Long Ashton, began a scientific investigation into British country wines, based on recent knowledge gained during research into the cider industry.

Beech investigated seven hundred recipes sent to him by members of a women's organization, sifted them and compiled a catalogue of 182 preparations, which included wine made from fruit, flowers, herbs, vegetables, cereals and tree shoots, home-made beers and ciders, mead, syrup, vinegar and cough cures.

He tested many of them himself. "In order to reproduce the most realistic conditions," he says, "I worked at home with kitchen utensils, instead of taking advantage of the cider laboratories."

Many of the recipes were identical. "Some were straight out of Mrs. Beeton," says Beech, "and others had been handed down in the same family for generations."

One, copied from the diary of an eighteenth-century farmer's wife, added the recommendation: "It be verrie strong and did make my head to busse and the chairs to dance so that I did go to my bedchamber and rest a while." The ingredients included a generous helping of brandy.

Beech's researches proved that many of the traditional disorders of home-made wines could be cured by chemical treatment, and others could easily be prevented. In some cases where wine failed to clarify, Beech found that the failure was due to the presence of a gummy substance called pectin, which could be destroyed by a commercial preparation used in the manufacture of fruit juices.

But despite the benefits of science, Beech considers that much of the original art of wine-making, developed through centuries of practice in Britain, has been lost through apathy during the last fifty years.

He once tested an old-fashioned method of introducing yeast into wine by loading it on to a slice of toast which was floated on the surface—the yeast infiltrating slowly through the toast. Beech discovered that this method produced an effusion of carbon dioxide gas over the surface of the wine, forming an effective protection against vinegar bacteria in the air. "It is unlikely that our grandmothers knew about this," he says, "but the method was very effective."

A period of at least six months' storage is necessary before most wines have matured sufficiently to drink, but some of the sparkling berry wines can be drunk almost as soon as fermentation ceases; when kept for too long, they lose their freshness. Others gain appreciably from long storage.

Beech recently sampled a potato wine twenty-seven years old. "It was like a fine, dry sherry." Nearly all the varieties have a character of their own. Primrose wine has a reputation for being mildly soporific, elderberry for relieving rheumatism. Says Beech: "Drinking a glass of rose-petal wine is an excellent substitute for a ramble in a garden of roses."

The wines are exempt from excise duty, but their unlicensed sale is forbidden by law. Says Fred Garrard, who produces an average of thirty gallons a year: "Country wines have many advantages. Making them is an entertaining hobby. The variety is practically unlimited, and most of the materials can be had for nothing. A bottle will enliven any company, and it will not produce a hangover."

But country wines are not universally popular. An elderly lady who attended one of the meetings of the Welwyn Garden City Wine-Makers' Guild explained that she had never made wine, and wished to taste it.

"She sampled some of the rhubarb," says Garrard, "and a drop of the parsnip. Then she had a drink of seven or eight other varieties. Finally she said she preferred a nice cup of tea.

"She took a long time coming to a decision."

THE END

She was the sick victim of a passion that could never be returned. Now, stricken with guilt, she had to learn that death was no way out . . .

EMERGENCY CALL TO DANGER · 2

Gerda took poison for a dream of love

by FRED SULLIVAN

THE decision I faced was one of the most difficult in my career. A fair-haired, twenty-four year old girl, whom I will call Mary, tried to kill herself by drinking a bottle of disinfectant. Luckily, the disinfectant had not been caustic. Neighbours called a doctor and her life was saved.

Mary lived in a two-room flat in North London. When I arrived she was in tears. My job as a mental welfare officer with the London County Council was to try to help her. First, though, I had to piece her story together.

It was a tragic one. Her husband's work, she said, kept him away from home a lot and she spent long days in the flat with Kevin, her baby son, as her only companion. She doted on Kevin; he meant everything to her. But he had reached eighteen months, and for Mary this was an age of crisis. He had begun to crawl.

"I've got a spinal disease," she said, "and I can't bend down to him if he gets into mischief. Also, I'm an epileptic."

She had been terrified that the boy would hurt himself and she would not be able to prevent it. Worse still, she had dreaded having a fit and the child being taken away from her on the grounds that she could not look after him properly. Mary was emotionally immature, and after months of the deepest depression all she could think of was suicide.

My problem was this: she ought to have gone straight to hospital for observation and treatment. This happens to would-be suicides for their own good; the urge for suicide usually vanishes. I had the authority to send Mary to hospital. If I failed to use it, and when she was left alone she made another attempt on her life and succeeded, I would be held responsible.

On the other hand, to separate her from Kevin would be to create the very situation which had caused the trouble. Her worrying over the child might prevent the treatment from being successful.

The return of her husband, fetched from work in a police car, helped me to decide what to do. He was sensible-looking and could, I felt sure, be relied upon.

Mary would stay at home and have her treatment there.

Her husband arranged to have a fortnight's holiday in order to keep an eye on her, day and night, during the immediate danger period when the chance of suicide was strongest.

I gave Mary's name to the L.C.C.'s team of psychiatric workers, and one of them started her on a course of treatment. This consisted of visits to her home, every day to begin with and then two or three times a week. Talks with the psychiatric worker assured her that she wasn't fighting her difficulties alone, and that ways of getting over her physical handicaps could be found.

It was thrilling to see the change which took place in her. The knowledge that she could take care of Kevin gave her the confidence she needed.

Recently, at the end of twelve months' treatment, our file on her was closed. She is enjoying life once more.

The one who is surprised at this change, and at the way in which it was possible to handle her case, is her husband. He had feared that mental illness of any kind was incurable, and that when his wife had become a mental patient he would lose her, perhaps for ever, in the web of some vast organization.

BRITAIN'S mental health services are in fact designed for each case to be handled individually and sympathetically. But they are also, of unfortunate necessity, large.

Mental illness—as distinct from mental deficiency, which is a separate condition, due to brain defects at birth—is one of Britain's most urgent medical problems. An average of two hundred people, of all ages and professions, become mentally ill every day of the year. To receive those cases which need hospital treatment there are 165 hospitals which deal with mental cases exclusively and cost about £40 million annually.

The number of mental patients in hospital is approximately 150,000; this is greater than the number for cancer, polio and tuberculosis together, and accounts for more than forty per cent of available beds. An exact figure cannot be reached, but probably a further 150,000 people attend hospitals and mental clinics as out-patients, or are seen at home by doctors, specialists and psychiatric workers. They are helped by gifts of money and clothing if needed; some are taught new trades. Outside the National Health Service, voluntary bodies such as the National Association for Mental Health run special homes and give general assistance.

As a result of all this, as many as eighty to ninety per cent of patients recover or are cured, and return to everyday life, mostly within a year of treatment beginning.

When a person has been taken mentally ill—in my experience it can happen anywhere; in the street, in a shop or office, in a train or on board ship—a mental welfare officer is usually the first to take charge. His is a fairly new post, created in 1948 with the start of the National Health Service; before that, his job was done by the relieving officer, a local council

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The Royal Air Force

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If you are between 17½ and 26, if you have the General Certificate of Education, the Scottish Leaving Certificate, or their equivalent, then write, stating age and education, to the Air Ministry, Dept. (JB13B), Adastral House, London, W.C.1. We will send you all you need to know.

official who was already overworked with the care of old people, public assistance and other responsibilities.

Today, Britain has some 250 welfare officers, employed by councils and on call at any time of the day or night. The L.C.C. has twenty-six, and we handle seven thousand cases a year.

If, as is frequently the case, the patient is suffering from delusions, the most common reaction to the welfare officer's arrival is to accuse him of being from the secret police. Once I was called to a flat in south-west London where a thirty-four year old Yugoslav named Gerda lived with her mother.

Gerda spoke seven languages and had a well-paid job as an interpreter, but she had the delusion that she was carrying on a love affair with a surgeon who lived in the West End. This surgeon, who was married, had never even spoken to her, but after she had seen him in the street one day she followed him home, wrote him letters and kept ringing him. He changed his telephone number, but she was an intelligent woman and soon managed to find out his new one.

Her own doctor asked me to have a word with her after she had suddenly left the pavement in Oxford Street and run through heavy traffic to the other side.

"What made you do it?" I asked.

"The surgeon was on the opposite pavement. I saw him distinctly. But when I got there he had gone."

"Didn't you think that you might have been killed, running across the road like that?"

"I want to die," she said. "It's terribly wrong of me to be in love with a married man."

When I told her that in her own interests she ought to come to hospital with me, she said: "You're from M.I.5, aren't you? You want to put me in prison." Nothing I said would convince her otherwise, but eventually she agreed to come with me and excused herself, saying that she had to go into her bedroom to pack a few things.

GRUMBLING—2

The benefactors of mankind are those who grumble to the best purpose.

John Wagstaffe

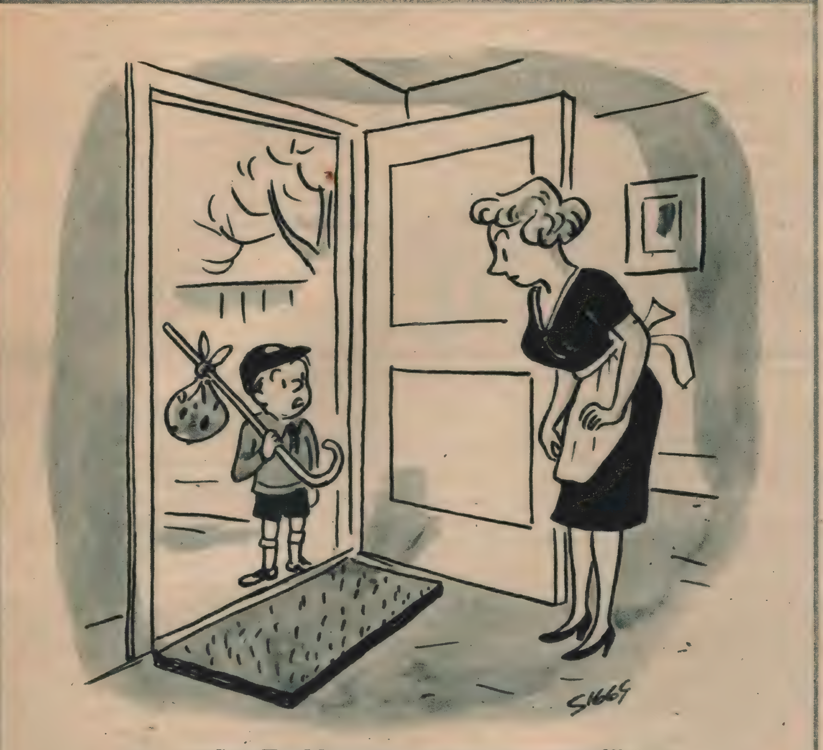
This seemed to be a reasonable request, but for a patient of her type to ask to be alone can be a danger signal. I followed her. Gerda's mother, however, was inclined to believe the story about M.I.5 and barred my way. She was a strong, stout peasant woman, and before I could do anything about it, Gerda had dashed to a cupboard in a corner of the bedroom, opened it and taken out a glass of poison which had been put there in readiness for such an emergency. She drank it in a gulp and collapsed in my arms.

Fortunately, I had an ambulance waiting outside and managed to rush her to hospital. She recovered, after observation and mental treatment, and returned to her job. She has fits of depression, but her "romance" with the surgeon has been forgotten.

The legal power I possess—and it is one which, understandably, makes some patients think that welfare officers are connected with the police—is that of signing what is known as a three-day order.

A welfare officer, or "duly authorized officer" as he is officially known, is "duly authorized" to do this if, in his opinion, the patient is suicidal, homicidal, or so distraught as to be likely to injure himself, herself or someone else. It means that the patient must go to hospital there and then for a minimum of three days.

One of the most unusual times I have had to sign such an order happened in Birmingham, where I was a welfare officer for three years before



"Can Freddie come out to run away?"

coming to London. A mother of sixty lived in a small terraced house with her grown-up son. A factory stood at the end of the street, and she believed that its machinery, which could be heard thudding away, was pumping poison gas up through her floorboards. She called in the sanitary inspector, and he told the local gas board, but no trace of gas was found.

"Nevertheless, gas *is* coming in," she insisted to me, "and it's affecting my lungs. I cough and cough till I think I'll choke. And that's not all that the wretched stuff is doing. Come into the kitchen."

I followed her into the kitchen and she showed me her saucepans. "Look at them," she said. "The gas is making them black." I looked, but it was obvious that they were merely in need of cleaning after ordinary use.

Just then her son returned home. I took him to one side and asked how long his mother had been imagining the gas. He stared at me in astonishment.

"What do you mean by 'imagining' gas?" he said. "Of course there's gas. I smell it everywhere. My lungs are being ruined, too."

It was the strange situation of a mentally sick person having projected her illness on to a companion. I made out a three-day order for them both. At the end of the three days' treatment they were still suffering from delusions and the reception doctor at the hospital exercised his right of extending my order for another fourteen days. When this fortnight was up, it became obvious that further treatment in a mental hospital was needed, and for this purpose the two of them had to be certified as mentally ill.

The certification was done by a magistrate in the presence of a doctor, myself and two of the patients' relatives, who had the right to stop the order from being made.

For a patient to be willing to receive treatment is half the battle in fighting mental illness.

A few months ago I called on a forty-year-old woman who lived alone. She had suddenly stopped going out to work and shut herself in her flat. Newspapers and milk bottles began to pile up outside her front door. Neighbours, in alarm, told the police, who in turn rang me.

I had to knock for several minutes before the woman opened the door to me very reluctantly. She was agitated and depressed, and kept pacing up and down, wringing her hands.

"I daren't go out because the Russians are after me," she explained. "And we must speak softly. Their microphones are hidden around this room, behind the cracks in the walls."

In spite of her delusions, she had lucid moments when I was able to reason with her. I asked: "If I told you that these things are imaginary, and simply part of an illness, would you believe me?"

"Of course not," she said. To her they were extremely real.

"But how about coming to hospital? I'll ask you again after you've had treatment, and isn't it possible that then you'll agree with me?"

The look on her face at that moment showed that despite her actions she had, deep down, an insight into her condition. She listened carefully while I told her that first she would go into an observation ward of an ordinary general hospital and be seen by a psychiatrist. After that, quite probably, she would have electro-convulsive therapy, which would relieve her depression and open up the way for further treatment. Then she would return home, feeling much better and relaxed.

Before coming into the ambulance with me, she signed a special application form. It was a short one, of the type offered to patients over the age of sixteen, in which the patient affirms that he or she is "desirous of voluntarily submitting to treatment for mental illness."

Eight weeks later she had left hospital and started work again, feeling her normal self.

The woman's understanding that she would benefit from treatment was a deciding factor; people who are mentally ill, yet maintain that treatment is unnecessary, seldom make good voluntary patients. As soon as they enter hospital they ask to leave—and there is nothing to stop them from going.

The great majority of patients in mental hospitals are completely free to leave if they, or their relatives, are in favour of it, and even if it is against doctors' advice. The only proviso—the patient agrees to it on the application form—is that seventy-two hours' notice must be given to the hospital authorities to allow time to make arrangements for the patient to be met and collected.

This freedom, while only right of course, can arouse a welfare officer's anxiety—such as when I visited Betty, a middle-aged suburban housewife.

She looked what she was; a woman with a reputation for efficiency. She was a keen social worker and served on various local committees. Of late, though, she had lost interest in these activities which were so important to her, and had even let her housework go for hours at a stretch while she stared out of the window. This

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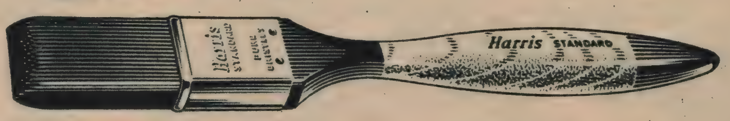

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alternated with periods, frightening for neighbours, when she shouted, screamed and moved furniture about.

For much of the time she was able to keep her mental illness under control. When she invited me into her front room she appeared fully self-possessed. But when her husband left us for a few minutes she whispered to me the most fantastic stories about his unfaithfulness and the arsenic he was secretly sprinkling on her food.

On the return of her husband I steered the conversation round to suggesting that Betty ought to go to hospital for a short spell as a voluntary patient. But Betty, evidently, had managed to hide her illness from her husband, and his reaction to my suggestion was explosive. "I won't hear of it," he said. "If you take her there, I'll bring her home again."

He meant what he said. For Betty to have gone away and been brought back would only have added to her confusion. All I could do, and it worried me, was to leave things as they were.

Unhappily, three days later Betty's illness took a turn for the worse and reached a climax which she could not suppress. She went for her husband with a heavy poker. Although this mood passed quickly, he was afraid to go to work and leave her alone, and at once agreed to her receiving treatment.

GRUMBLING—3

Any fool can criticize, condemn and complain—and most fools do.

Dale Carnegie

Relatives often do in fact remove patients from hospital. It is easy to sympathize with them. Mental illness, while no more shameful than a broken leg or appendicitis, has a stigma attached to it. Also, despite a modernization scheme which is being carried out, too many mental hospitals are grim, unattractive places.

The only occasion when it is not possible for a patient to be removed from hospital is when the patient is suicidal or homicidal.

I once had to take a woman to hospital on a three-day order. Her husband accompanied her. He did not like the look of the ward and at once applied to take her home. I felt that the woman was in a mood to take her life, and on my advice the superintendent signed what is known as a barring certificate, meaning that she had to stay.

On the whole, though, relatives co-operate with doctors so much that this power is used comparatively rarely. For example, out of 1,054 patients at Mapperley Hospital, Nottingham, last year, only two had to be detained against their will.

Some patients have a chronic fear of hospitals and it would be pointless to send them to one. This was the case with Deirdre, to whose home I was called by her family doctor.

Deirdre had a haunted look; she was thin, almost emaciated. At a glance, I would have put her age at thirty-five. It was a shock when she told me that she was only nineteen.

"How is your appetite?" I asked.

"Food doesn't interest me," she replied.

"But isn't there anything you fancy? I'm sure your mother would get it for you."

"I don't want to eat," she said firmly. "I want to starve to death."

I discovered to my surprise that her mother, a plump, rosy woman who was standing beside her, was the cause of the trouble.

Deirdre suffered from what could be called "smother love." Ever since she had been small, her mother had done everything for her. She had spoilt her to such an extent that the child had become totally unable to look after herself. She had lost all initiative—and finally even the will to live.

If she was not treated promptly she would die, but she had become so dependent on her mother that the thought of staying in a hospital frightened her. I arranged for her to go to a mental clinic as an out-patient.

This clinic, attached to a local general hospital, was staffed by specialists who managed to reason her out of her resistance to food. Once this difficulty had been overcome, she visited the clinic every day for a fortnight and gained enough self-confidence to agree to entering a mental hospital as a voluntary patient.

Eventually, the treatment she received enabled her to live a life of her own; she is now engaged to be married.

For those patients for whom hospital treatment is inevitable, and whose case histories call for special investigation, there are several mental research centres. Horton Hospital, in Surrey, is studying the problems of mental illness in elderly people. Tone Vale Hospital at Taunton, Somerset, the Crichton Royal Hospital at Dumfries, Woodilee Hospital near Glasgow and Bangour Hospital, Broxburn, have children's units, St. James's Hospital, Portsmouth, takes children under twelve.

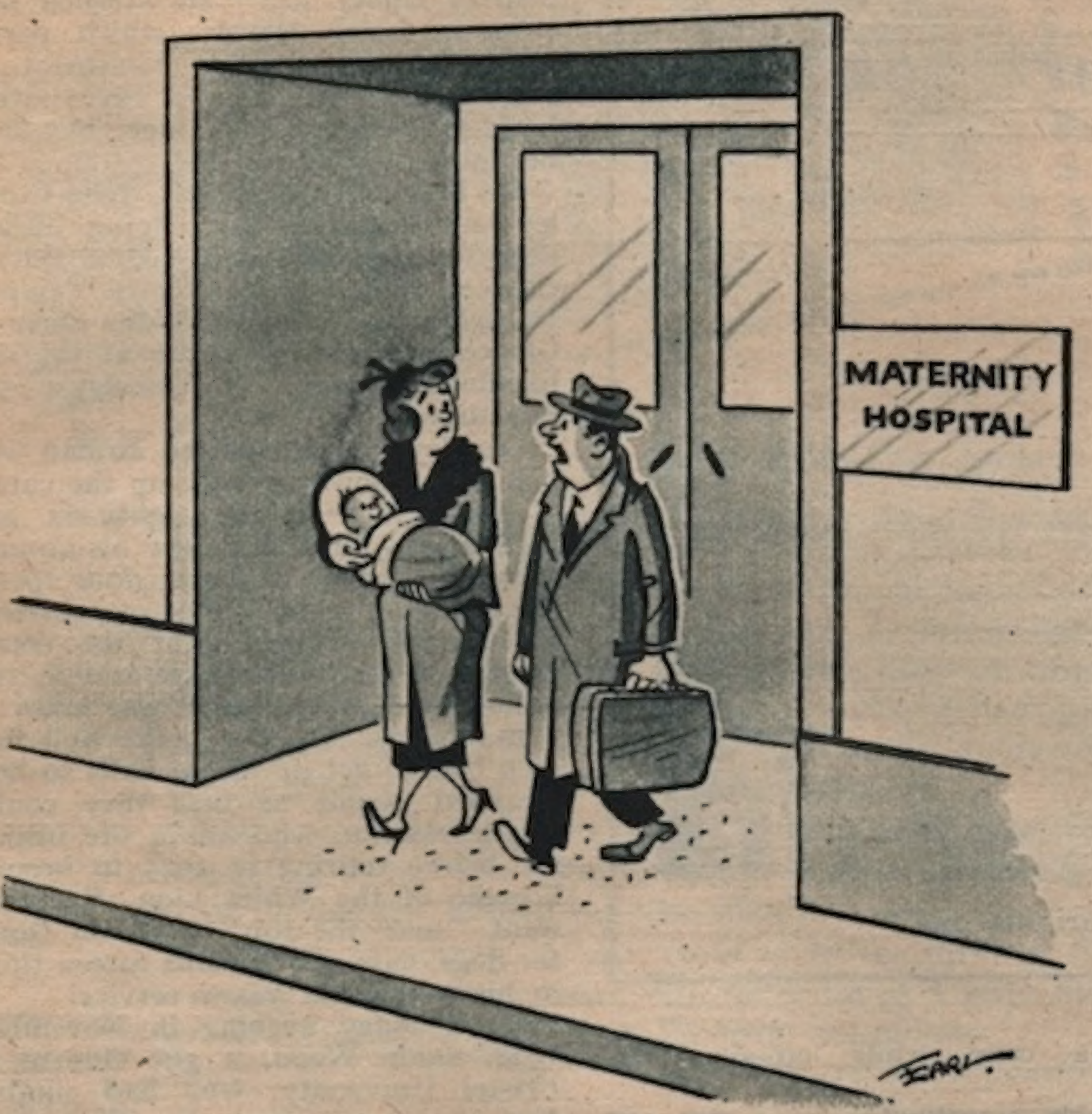
Other hospitals specializing in children's mental cases include St. Ebba's, at Epsom, Surrey.

Paul was a fourteen-year-old patient of mine in Birmingham. He had phases when it was impossible for his parents or schoolteachers to control him. He attacked his school friends, brothers and sisters for no reason at all.

"I can't help it," he told me. "I get an awful burning inside my head, like a fire. The next thing I know, I've done something dreadful and I feel sorry."

Physically, Paul was A1, and there was no history of epilepsy in his family. I took him by car to St. Ebba's.

An electro-encephalograph was tried on him. The human brain generates small electrical impulses, and it has been found that measuring them can



"So far I haven't had time to wash up the things you dashed out and left"

help in diagnosing mental illness. When a special skull-cap of wires was fixed on Paul's head, the graph readings showed him to be suffering from an irritation within the brain.

Small weekly doses of phenobarbitone were given to him and these kept the irritation in check. After three months, when there had been no return of his outbursts, I took him home. Psychiatric workers visited him to make sure that he continued with the drug; also, they helped him to catch up on his school work.

Research knowledge of a different kind was needed for Frances, the wife of a wealthy company director. She was fifty when she gradually developed a mental illness which involved periodic cravings for alcohol.

In between these phases she was a charming and highly cultured woman, a popular hostess at the numerous parties she gave in her West End flat. But always after a drinking session she began accusing her husband, who was twenty years older than herself, of trying to murder her.

One morning this delusion made her ring Scotland Yard. When a detective arrived, she told him lurid tales of her husband's cruelty and finished by taking him into the breakfast room. It was wrecked. The tables and chairs were overturned, the curtains were torn and the crockery smashed.

"This morning, before going to the office," she said, "he tried to strangle me. We had a terrible scene. I can still feel his thumbs on my throat."

She spoke with such conviction that the police called at her husband's office and, to his acute embarrassment, interrupted him at an important conference and took him back to his home. Frances persisted with her story, and when the police grew sceptical at his protestations of innocence, in desperation he asked them to question the neighbours.

The neighbours confirmed that Frances had been behaving strangely for months, and had wrecked the breakfast room that morning after her husband had left.

I took her to a hospital in Northamptonshire which is among those units specializing in mental illness associated with alcoholism.

It was impossible to give Frances a complete cure, but a course of drugs ended her craving for alcohol, and when this had gone she was able to control her outbursts and had no more delusions.

Frequently, when a mental case has just begun and the patient is surrounded by anxious relatives, a doctor and perhaps a policeman, the situation is too tragic for anything but brief and serious conversation.

However, if the patient is a depressive, a friendly "Cheer up!" can help to point to the type of treatment needed. If there is a glimmer of reaction, most likely the patient will respond to electrical treatment.

Full diagnosis of a hospital case, though, plus decisions on the patient's future and the treatment to be given, usually take place in an observation ward.

Perhaps the strangest observation ward case I have had was at the time of a famous fraud trial at the Old Bailey. The patient, a thin, wiry South American, was a witness for the prosecution.

I was called to him in an expensive nursing home, where he had a private room. As I entered, he leaped out of bed, wild-eyed, imploring me to beware of the snakes swarming over the furniture. "I'm one of the natives in this jungle and we're going to cut you up," he said.

Outside in the corridor, I spoke to a Harley Street psychiatrist who had been summoned to examine the man. "Definitely a schizo," said the psychiatrist. "A dangerous one, too."

I made out a three-day order for the patient and took him to an observation ward. The doctor there noticed that the man's ears were bleeding. They were full of metal filings.

Eventually, when the Old Bailey trial had ended, the patient's story came to light. He knew the accused man at the trial, who was a well-known figure in London's underworld, and was afraid of reprisals if he testified against him.

The South American therefore hit on the idea of putting the filings in his ears to set up an irritation which would help him to feign mental illness.

He certainly gave a very convincing performance.

Apart from missing the trial, he was lucky in having the filings taken out and in receiving prompt and successful mental treatment. For by that time the irritation had set up an infection within the middle ear which resulted in a toxaemia. As the result of this, he crossed the borderline where mental health ends and sickness begins.

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NEXT WEEK: "Voices" that talked a man into trouble

The Buds and Bees No. 5

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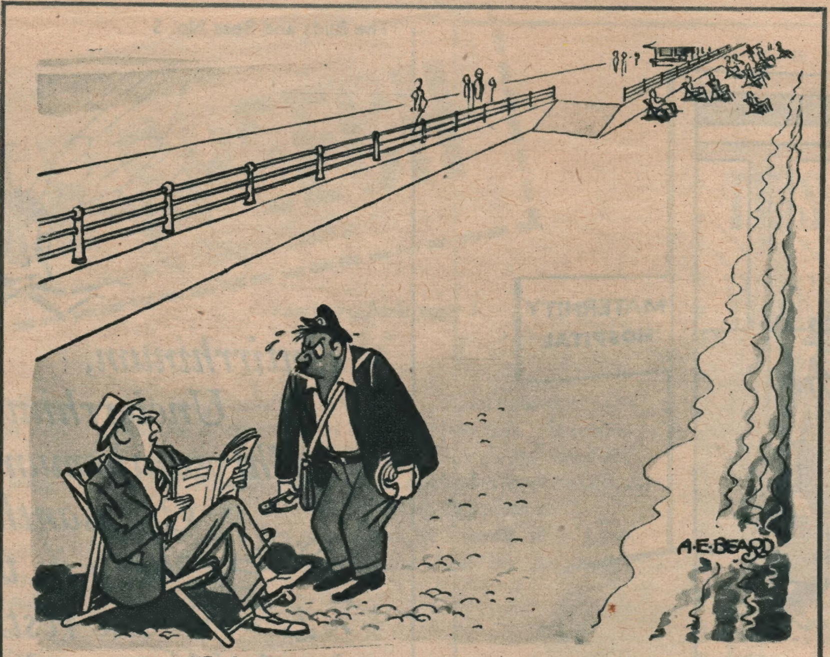
Watch on the cliffs of death

Continued from page 15



"It happens to be my own private one"

training in cliff rescue technique from Inspector Chamberlain, although most of the actual work falls on Chamberlain's own "C" division at Redland. A local resident calls the division "Chamberlain's suicide corner squad."

On Easter Sunday in 1946, Wallis and Chamberlain combined to make a classic rescue of three schoolboys who were stranded on a narrow ledge seventy feet down the three hundred foot cliff and about fifty yards from Clifton Bridge. Their cries had been heard by a cyclist on the Portway, which runs alongside the River Avon below.

Wallis, then the patrol duty sergeant at Redland station, cycled to the scene and, from the bridge, shouted to the boys to sit down on the ledge. Chamberlain, a motor patrol constable, drove there after receiving a message on his wireless.

Steel stakes were driven into the turf to secure a rope and Wallis, who then weighed thirteen and a half stone and played rugby for Clifton, put an inch-wide safety strap round his chest and was lowered down the cliff by fifteen policemen.

The inward angle of the cliff made it impossible for the police at the top to see the boys. Guided by observers shouting directions from the bridge, Wallis slithered through bramble and gorse bushes and down sixty feet of vertical rock wall. Arriving on the ledge, he gave the crying schoolboys a pep talk and then took up the smallest, Ralph Pratten, aged thirteen, on another rope.

Darkness was falling and Wallis went down again immediately. But on the second ascent, with nine-year-old James Williams, his rope tangled with a twelve-foot ash tree which sprouted from a crevice fifty feet from the top. After vainly trying to break the branches to free himself, Wallis was obliged to take off his safety strap. For half an hour he clung on to the tree while the rope was pulled out of the branches, checked, and lowered to him again.

As he was being hauled up the cliff for the second time, the strap round Wallis's chest tightened and he lost consciousness. His face and inert body were cut and bruised by the jagged limestone as his comrades got him to safety. At the top, he was given oxygen and rushed to hospital.

Chamberlain put on the safety belt and, still wearing his heavy duty police boots, went down the cliff "like a native down a coconut tree," to rescue the third boy, Peter Curtis, aged ten.

Later Chamberlain, who says that heights have never troubled him since he climbed trees as a boy in his native Wiltshire, was awarded the Carnegie Certificate. In July, 1946, Wallis went to Buckingham Palace to receive the King's Police Medal from King George VI. He told the King, who discussed many details of the rescue: "I didn't enjoy it one bit, your Majesty."

Wallis is afraid of heights. His wife, Edith, who keeps a length of frayed rescue rope as a souvenir and hangs out clothes on it, says: "He daren't even go up a ladder to paint the house."

Tollkeepers on Clifton Bridge have talked many people out of jumping. "Suicides are usually simple-minded people and can be dissuaded if we reach them in time," says a tollkeeper. "We get suspicious when someone buys a one-way ticket."

The gorge is free from fences. Ideas to make the more dangerous parts of it safer with high wire netting, safety nets, or bright lights, have come to nothing.

GRUMBLING—4

Grumbling will not make the kettle boil.

Proverb

Bristol policemen have a superstition that calls to the rocks come in series of three. Although spring and summer are the seasons when most people get into trouble in the gorge, rock rescues often have to be carried out in the most treacherous weather.

One wet, icy Saturday evening in December, 1952, Albert Hodder and Douglas Hann, two constables aged thirty, were called to the bridge by Brigadier James, a local resident, who told them that he had heard a woman's cries while crossing the bridge.

Portable searchlights were run out on to the bridge and more lights from the road below floodlighted the whole cliff like a giant film set. Clouds of rain swirled through the beams of light. The rocks rescue truck was backed to within a few feet of the cliff edge and Hodder and Hann, who had put on sweaters and tennis shoes, hitched themselves into safety belts and went over the top on ropes, taking a stretcher.

They found the woman, a mother of three children, sprawled on a narrow ledge. She had a double fracture of the spine and told the policemen: "I can't remember what happened."

After the woman had been strapped on the stretcher, Hann unhitched his rope, tied it to the stretcher, and lay down on the ledge. Hodder locked his legs round the stretcher and occupant and signalled to ascend. Slowly he worked his way back up the cliff and, half-way, passed the woman's shopping basket which had caught on a rock as she fell.

Hodder returned for his colleague and both men were lifted back to the top.

Five years ago, Gilbert Taylor, aged twenty-eight, one of two painters employed perpetually painting the bridge, had a lucky fall from it. Jean Harris, an eighteen-year-old tourist from Birmingham, was straining over the bridge parapet towards the Somerset end, when she dropped her raincoat on to a ledge four feet below.

She asked Taylor if he could get a pole with which to recover the coat, whereupon the painter boldly vaulted over the parapet, intending to land on the ledge. Instead, the wall bumped him out and down in a spectacular leap of eighty feet. He crashed into trees in Leigh Woods, which partly broke his fall. After treatment at Bristol Royal Infirmary, Taylor went back to work on the bridge, but later he found another job.

On February 3 last year, John Crossley, a Blackburn-born flying officer, aged twenty-eight, stationed at Filton, Gloucestershire, took off in a Vampire jet fighter an hour before the Duke of Gloucester took the salute at the disbandment parade of Crossley's 501 Squadron.

Crossley, a bold-spirited airman who had been known to walk up the cables of the bridge to the eighty-six feet high towers for a lark, flew his aircraft under the bridge at tremendous speed. Then it was caught in the cross currents of air and crashed into the steep, wooded slopes of the gorge at Pill, two miles away, and Crossley was killed.

Before the last war police and firemen had to get down the cliffs to help stranded people as best they could. Charles Moran, who was a fire inspector before retiring in 1945 to become licensee of the White Lion, Eastville, went "over the top" in Avon Gorge for dogs, cats and humans fifteen times in his twenty-six years' service.

On a foggy evening in November, 1928, Dodo Wood, a girl student at Bristol University, who had climbed part of the way up the Sea Walls from the Portway tennis courts, got into difficulties on a narrow ledge, six feet long and seventy-five feet from the top. Another climber reached safety and gave the alarm.

MORAN tied a three hundred foot length of rope to a tree, put a webbing sling round his chest, took off his heavy boots and climbed down the cliff in his socks.

Two hundred feet below, firemen with a searchlight on a turntable ladder tried to help, but the light could not pierce the thick fog. Moran found the exhausted and shocked girl and reached her by clawing his way across a thirty-foot-wide rock face. He rubbed the circulation back into her hands, legs and ankles before taking her back up with him.

Many of the rescued are schoolboys with a strong, but misplaced, spirit of adventure. One Sunday afternoon in January, 1954, Anthony Hind and Simon Millhouse, both aged ten, of Braidles School, Sneyd Park, were on a cross-country run when they decided to play at being Hillary and Tenzing and chose as their "Everest" the dangerous Sea Walls.

Millhouse reached the top but Hind was stranded fifty feet from safety. Joe Chamberlain arrived, tied a rope round a tree, and climbed down on a safety belt. He found Hind clinging perilously with toes and fingers to a ledge a few inches wide.

"He was a plucky lad and I wrote him a letter later," says Chamberlain. "I didn't reprimand him. I told him to join a proper climbing club." THE END

We bought ourselves a stately home

Continued from page 11

kept him going for the rest of the week. Then he had to start again.

The village people proved wonderfully friendly. Almost every family at Burton contains somebody who has worked at the Hall. They like to talk of old times. Once, when I went to the local shop to buy a small tin of pressed meat for dinner, Mrs. Briggs, the postmistress. told me how, after a shoot, the outbuildings at the Hall had been crammed with game. "They called the constable in to mount special guard."

Another day, when I had spent a hectic morning dusting and cleaning, a woman who had once worked at the house brought me a photograph, taken in her days of service, showing a group of liveried menservants at the Hall.

She ran a hand over my neglected stove. "I used to black it every day," she said.

In winter the mansion was bitterly cold. It has a central heating system but we could not afford to use it. "The boiler looks as though it came from an ocean liner," said Bob. "It must cost a fortune in fuel."

Later, after a particularly cold night, he announced: "I'm going to light it. I'll burn old boxes and other rubbish." He stoked all day. That evening the radiators became luke-warm.

Neither could we afford to use the big stove in the kitchen. I prepared our meals on a small electric oven with a single hotplate. Often I wore my overcoat while I cooked.

At first we tried eating our meals in the main dining-room. This involved a trek across the hall, through the library and across the drawing-room before the food reached the table. By that time it was almost cold. Soon we were eating in the kitchen.

As a bedroom, we chose the first-floor room closest to the staircase. This gave us a minimum unwarmed area to cross on our way to bed.

As the temperature dropped, the pipes froze, and the donkey engine in the pump-house became useless. I asked a plumber from Loughborough to inspect the building. After a while he came to the kitchen. I was heating snow in a saucepan to get some water.

"Mrs. Smith," he said sadly, "I couldn't fathom this lot if I stayed until Christmas."

When the snow melted, the water came through the skylight above the main hall. To make matters worse, it rained. The old house wept like a great grey elephant. I put down buckets, saucepans and anything else I could find, to prevent the water spoiling the wood-block flooring. The suit of armour turned red with rust. So did the swords and the spears.

Even then, life in our mansion was not without bright moments. In one of the cellars I found a pile of neatly sawn logs. Bob climbed on to the roof and cleaned out the drawing-room chimney. It produced two wheelbarrow-loads of birds' nests—enough kindling to last several weeks. Soon we had a roaring log fire.

But the heat was too much. Some of the glazed tiles in the surround cracked and fell out of place.

Now that Burton Hall is basking grandly in another summer, we have been able to review our position after more than a year of "stately" living.

Thanks to the visitors we are still solvent, and we have made many friends. Our baby, Victoria, has the choice of thirty rooms for a nursery. Bob enjoys the luxury of being untidy in surroundings where the result is seldom noticeable. And I have decided that the impossibility of keeping on top of the housework is a perfect excuse for doing it only when I feel inclined.

Round the upper reaches of the rooms, dust has created a shadow effect which helps to throw the moulding into clear relief.

Owners of other stately homes agree that this is desirable. THE END

NURSE GETS
£500 REWARD
FOR HELPING POLICE!

FANCY hearing while on holiday that you've won £500! That's just what happened recently to Mrs. P. L. Caradine ("Hostel," Braywick, Maidenhead). Three days before her holiday ended, a wire told this nurse she'd scored £500 for entering this Bullet: THE BLUE LAMP—AID, WITH *Your* "LAMPS"!

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100 "Double Six" Prizes

1,500 2-in-1 Awards each with £1,000 Surprise

"EXTRAS" value up to £50—see coupon below

WAY TO WIN Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

On Prosperity's Sands
Civilized Man
Health Is Gold, So
To Get Out Of The Rut
Headache For Pierre
The Angels
Swing Of The Pendulum
One Summer Day
Going Back A Bit
In A Woodland Glade
Flying Blind
Now The Cinema's Closed
Like It Or Not
Those Wedding-bells
Year After Year
Too High
Puffing And Panting
Raid On The Bank
Not Much To Look At
Uproar At The Palais

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

Way To Be........................
When Mother...................
If We Can......................It
With A Bigger..................
Tour Of The.....................
....................Blew Up And

EXAMPLE ....
BULLET
EX. ....
B.
EX. ....
B.
EX. ....
B.
EX. ....
B.

EXTRAS value up to £50 A £2 10s. Bullets Season Ticket accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with Bullet which was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,151 Post not later than last collection on **MONDAY, JULY 28**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

Signed..
Address ....
P.O. Value.....
No.......................................

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Complete this Label, affix 3d. stamp and see what the postman brings you on Saturday, August 9—COUPONS for PRIZES value over £1,700, including new 6-in-1 First to help the housewife! (For 4 consecutive issues, send P.O. 1s.)

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LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,146 Result:

£500 plus Wish: C. H. Dewhurst, 16 Highgate Avenue, Fulwood, Preston, Lancs: **To Get Peace— Be Hermit? Be *Neighbour*!**

£25 plus Wish: C. Wright, 83 Grasby Road, Hull: **Bubble Of Success—"Shrinking" To Sleeping Pill?**

£20 plus Wish: L. E. Hall, 17 Fitzwilliam Street, Mablethorpe: **To Get Peace—"Unwind" Where Breakers Curl!**

£15 plus Wish: Miss I. Adams, 3 Bethersden House, Kinglake Street, Walworth: **Building Castles — *And* "Sallying Forth"—Trier.**

£10 plus Wish: J. Rountree, 2 Abbey Park, Bangor, Co. Down: **The National Pie—Enriched, If More *Blackboards*!**

£5 H. J. Blake, 206 King's Road, Kingstanding, Birmingham: **If Wishes Were Horses—I'd "Desert" *Charcoal* "Greys"!**

£5 R. S. Cleland, 26 St. John's Road, Cosham, Portsmouth: **Hanging On The Hook—While *Teachers* "Squirm"—Cane?**

£5 D. Cox, 18 Shorthope Street, Musselburgh: **Hiram's Holiday—All Schedule, Shemozzle, Skedaddle!**

£5 V. Parker, 71 Walmsley Street, Fleetwood: **Before We're Through—Laplanders Dumping *Reindeer* Butter?**

£5 T. H. G. Penny, High Street, Handley, Salisbury: **The National Pie—"Set Before" *Dainty* Dishes!**

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes, and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated August 23), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, August 9 for early news of No. 2,151 result.)

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Everywoman

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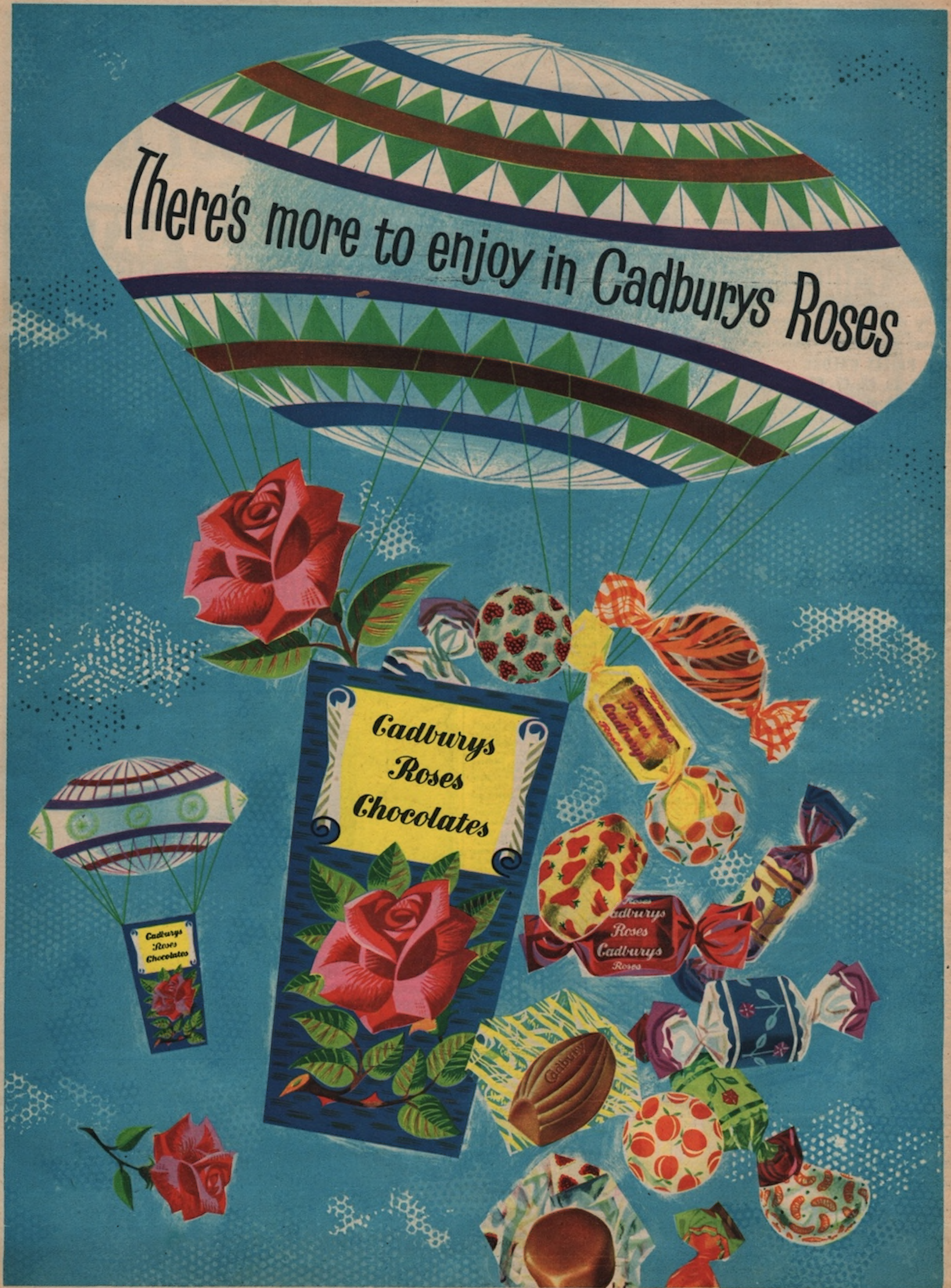
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